1918

1968

DATELINE



DESIGNER: IRVING MILLER

OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA



Reader's Digest – the world's most widely read magazine – is published in 30 editions, in 14 languages, and is available in 125 countries. It has a monthly net paid circulation of 27 million copies.

MEN AT WAR AGAIN

In 1950, David Douglas Duncan, a Marine combat photographer in World War II, indeliby inscribed in our memories the Korean War—pictures of the 1st Division Marines surrounded at Chosin Reservoir fighting back through the freezing mountains to the sea.

In Vietnam, Duncan again went where the bitter action was—Con Thien. Using all his natural instinct for photographing violence plus all the artistry learned in the years away from the battlefields capturing the beauty of other subjects—the landscapes and people of Morocco and Afghanistan, the Crown Jewels of Russia, and the art of Picasso—he resumed recording the courage and spirit of fighting men.

Photographers who use their heads and hearts, as well as their legs, are rare. The mind-guided camera can reveal to us far more explicitly the nature and events of the world in scenes sometimes not easy to bear. And in the faces of the participants, the photographer shows with impact its meaning for them and for us. The works of such men are recorded in LIFE



Photo: David Douglas Duncan



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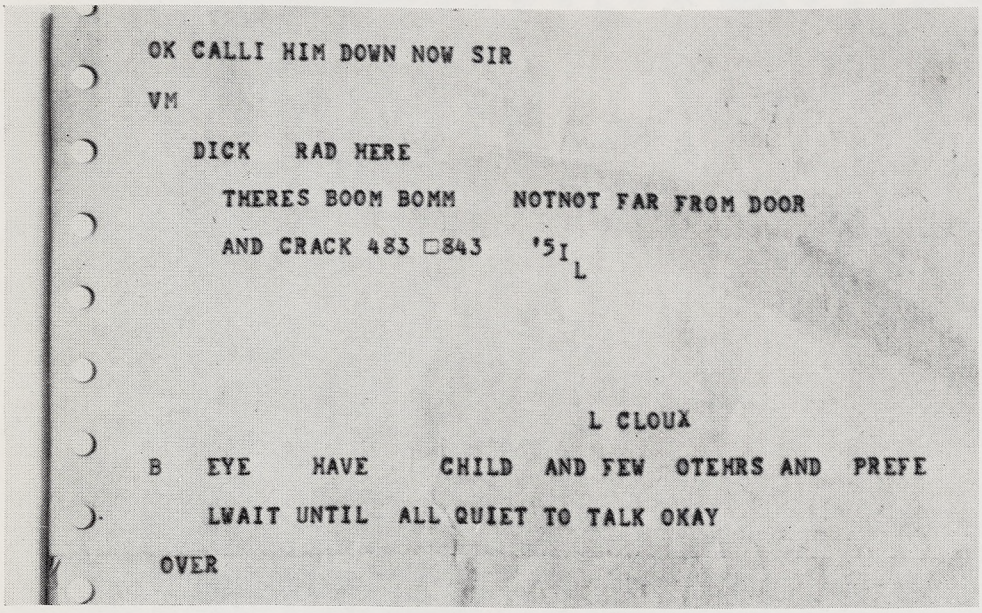
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TEXACO

"There's boom boom not far from the door."



OK CALLI HIM DOWN NOW SIR

VM

DICK RAD HERE

THERES BOOM BOMM NOTNOT FAR FROM DOOR

AND CRACK 483 □843 '5I L

L CLOUX

B EYE HAVE CHILD AND FEW OTEHRS AND PREFE

LWAIT UNTIL ALL QUIET TO TALK OKAY

OVER

BY 2:45 a.m. Tuesday night most of Saigon was sleeping off the effects of the first round of Tet New Year's celebrations. Both the Time office at 7 Han Thuyen Road and the Life office just two blocks from the American Embassy had bedded down for the night. At 2:48 a.m. the Viet Cong attacked Saigon.

At 4:05 a.m. (3:05 p.m. Tuesday afternoon in New York) Bill Rademaekers, Chief of the Time Saigon bureau, called Dick Clurman on Time Inc.'s direct line. Said Rademaekers: "Don't ring the telex alarm bell. We must keep silent. Please do not turn on your machine. We will call you."

Minutes later Rademaekers again opened the wire to report: "Rad here...There's boom, boom, not far from the door. Crack. I have a child and a few others here. Prefer to wait until all is quiet to talk."

As soon as he could, Rademaekers wired a complete report. Here are some excerpts:

"When all hell broke loose the three men currently manning this bureau were all somewhere else. John Cantwell was asleep in his room at the Embassy Hotel overlooking the side entrance of the palace when he heard a sharp, violent bang. He thought it was one of the seven million firecrackers that had been going off in the past 24 hours and was about to roll over when the next explosion almost threw him out of bed.

"He ran out of the room and fell over the floor house boy who was hugging the ground in terror, went up to the top floor of his hotel for a panoramic view of the battle for the palace 200 yards away.

"Wally Terry was talking to a U S aid official that night, left the house to be told by an MP he had better overnite there, which he did. Two blocks away a motor pool was blown up. The quarters offered another view of the battle for the palace and the violent action in the air over the U S Embassy as helicopters trying to land on the roof were driven back by VC tracers from the embassy compound. At dawn he too went over to the embassy to pick up the action.

"Dick Swanson, Time-Life contract photographer, overnited in Life Villa two blocks behind American Embassy, was heaved out of bed by rocket explosion at the embassy at three ayem. He grabbed his Chinese made AK forty-seven and headed for roof. Halfway upstairs, he realized he had no clothes on. He went up anyway.

"He sat tight, if one can do that without clothes on, then at crack of dawn dressed and went to embassy where he followed invading American force, and got what must stack up as the best pictures of the battle for Bunker's Bunker.

"I overnited at office, was awakened by the telex operator who had one of his children overnighting here. Explosions from palace area were so close he feared VC were upon us. We cracked open cabinet holding Cantwell's M 16. The child huddled under stair well. I, judiciously wearing black pajamas, sat at window with gun and he manned telex. At one point remember trying to have conversation with Clurman typing with one hand, cradling gun in flicker of candle-light, but action never spilled into open park fronting us. It concentrated on both sides of office.

"For all of us it was a night of crazy incongruities—flares and tracer threading sky, crack of close-by bazookas and mortars and right in middle of all this, I could see a couple necking in the back seat of a Chevrolet parked some 20 yards away on the deserted street in front of the office. This says something but I'm not sure what. At any rate a particularly violent bang broke up the session and they were gone in a screech of rubber.

"The airport is closed, which complicates our movements and pix communication with New York. Don Sider and Skip Troelstrup are in the Danang area, where the action started this week, and almost totally cut off from the bureau. We have to rely on an occasional military pigeon.

"Our numbers are increasing steadily as fighting in and around city continues to mount. All restaurants and markets are closed, so we are keeping a careful eye on the two live ducks and one fat clucking chicken in our compound. We eat together, and what the housekeeper can do to simple fare is nothing short of a miracle.

"As a matter of fact (as well as pride) I would say we've got the best bunker in town."

Endit.

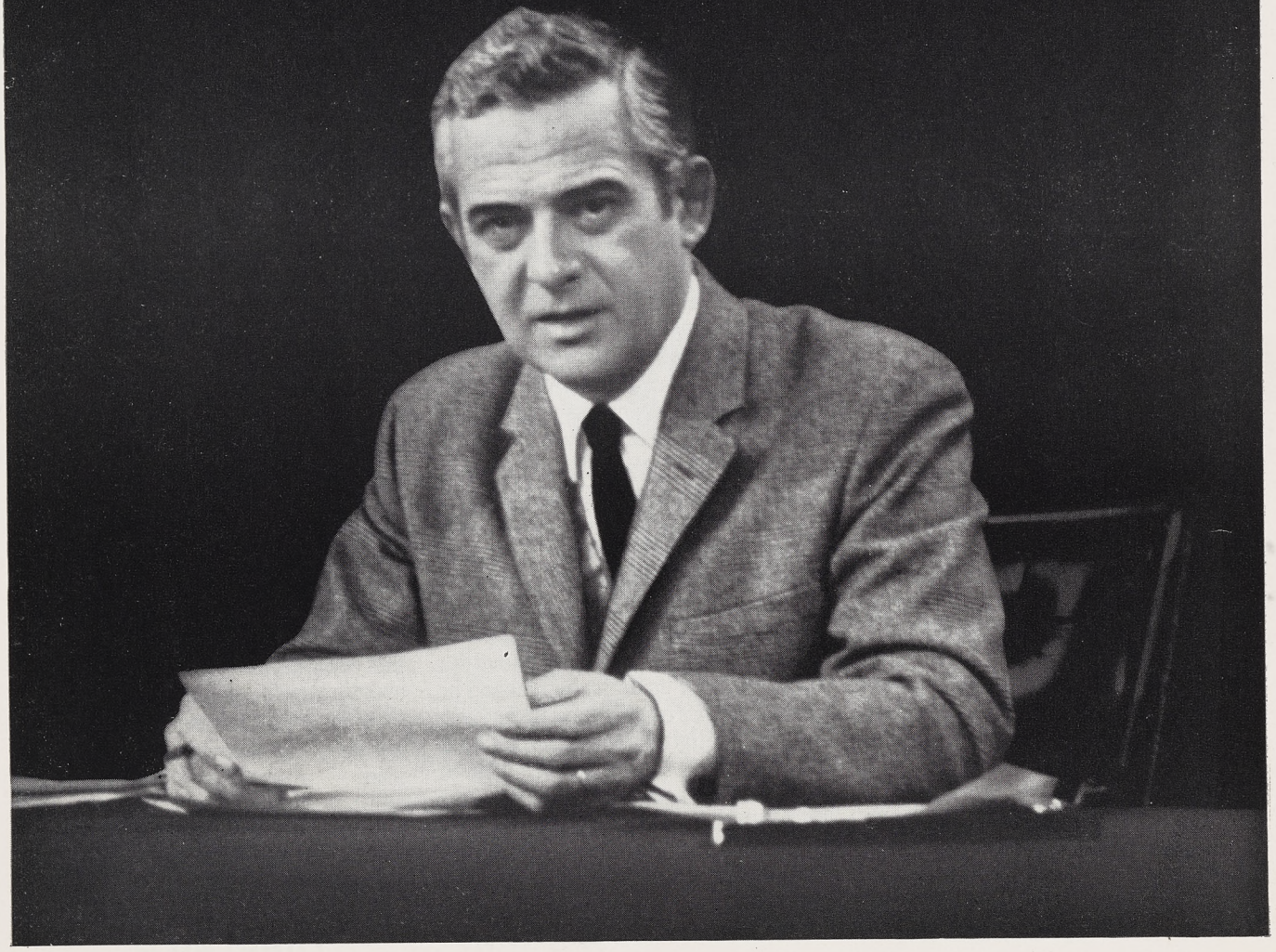
Saigon: one of 34 Time-Life News Service bureaus around the world.

TIME/LIFE

Bob Young has dropped anchor in New York.

Home used to be London. Now it's New York and the job of anchorman for the 7:00 pm "ABC Evening News with Bob Young." Clear and concise reporting, with a fresh approach. And ABC News will continue to have special reports from Howard K. Smith, William H. Lawrence, John Scali, Frank Reynolds, Jules Bergman and ABC News Correspondents from around the world.

ABC News abc





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Because of its highly unpredictable nature, the news takes an experienced, skillful and globe-spanning staff to report it—wherever and whenever it happens. NBC has just that. Indeed, NBC News is broadcasting's largest, most distinguished news organization—with more than 900 men and women dedicated to keeping the public continuously and completely informed.

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In short, NBC News wants to be sure that you've heard and seen the latest—whether it concerns a national political convention in Chicago or an earthquake in Turkey.

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NBC NEWS

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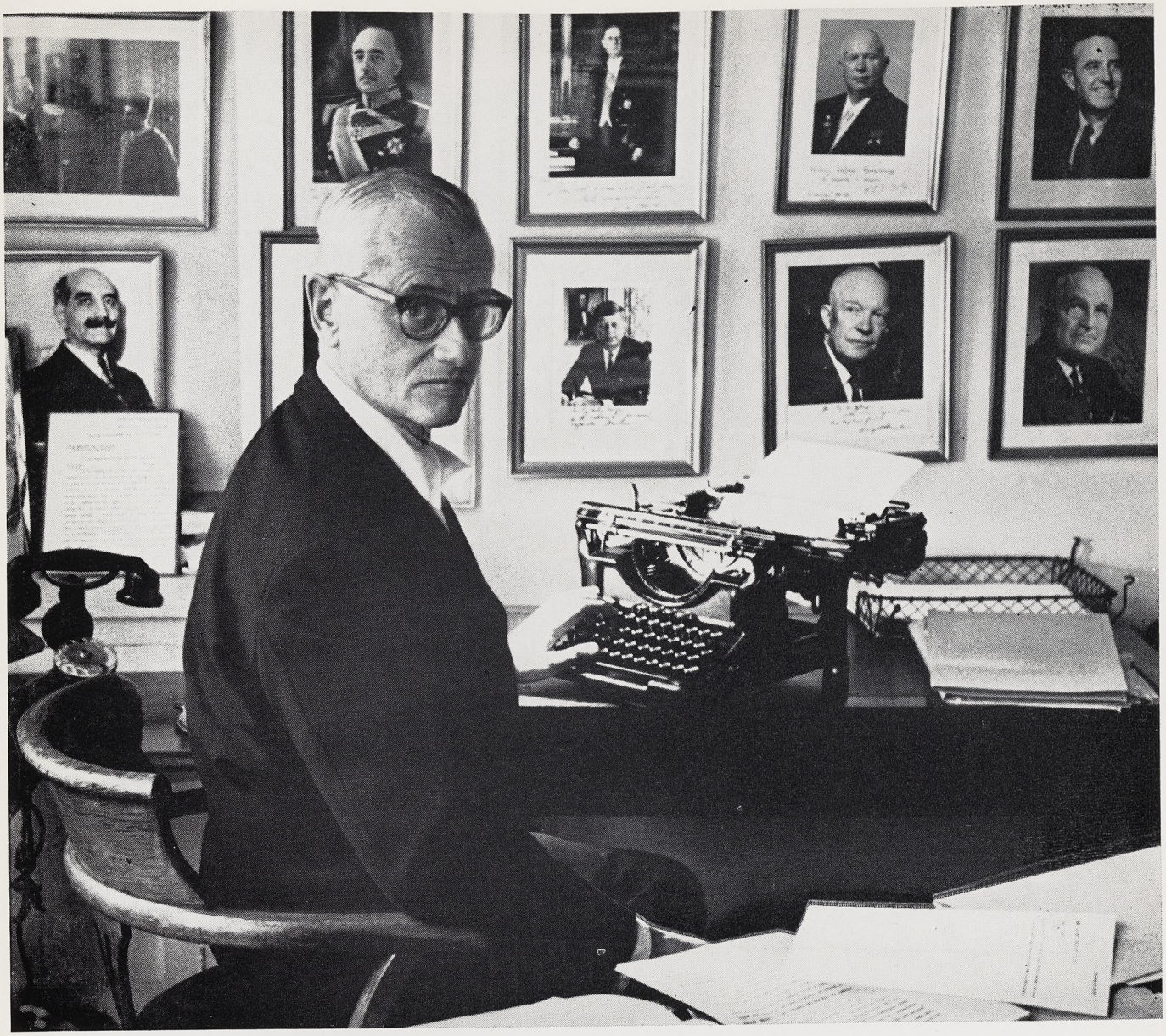
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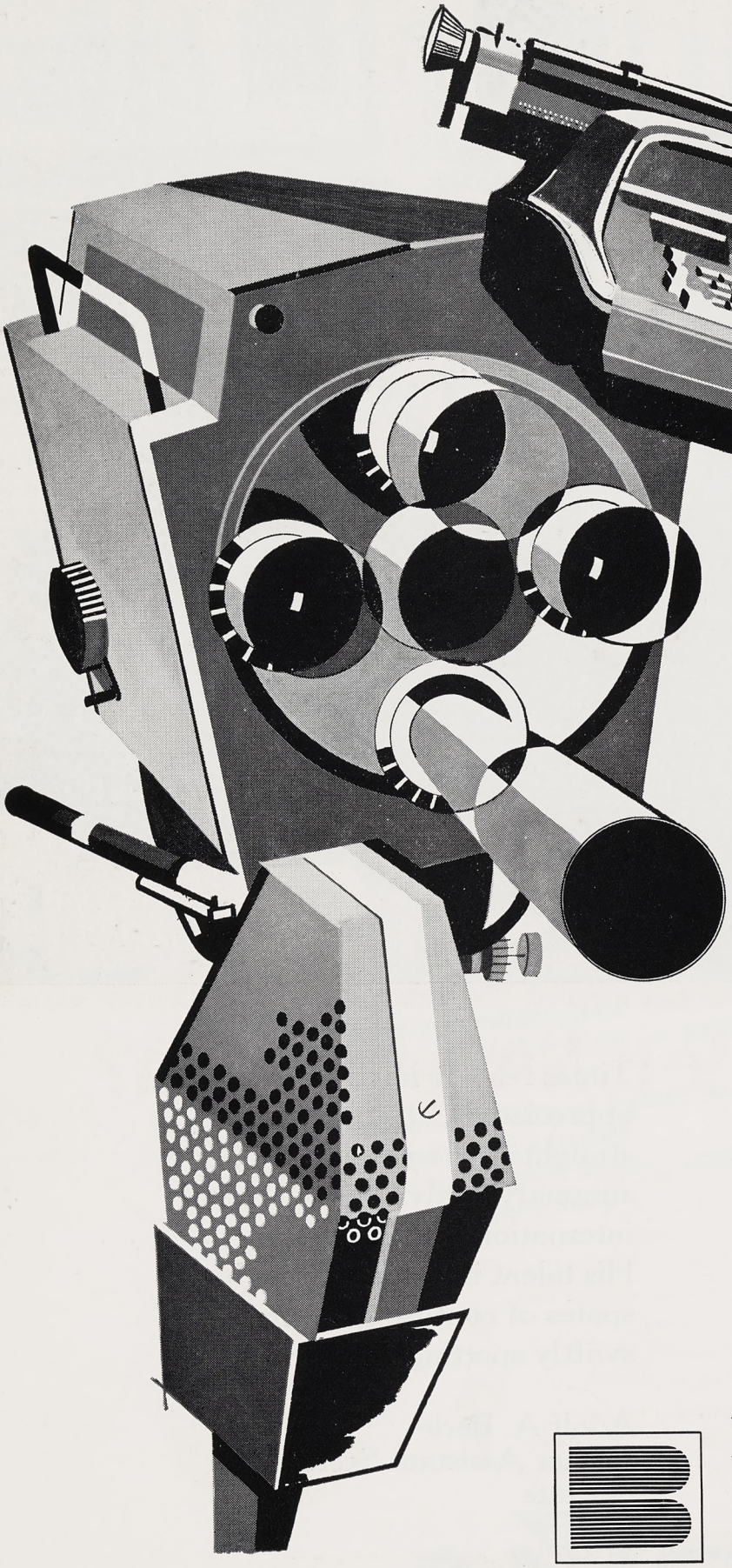
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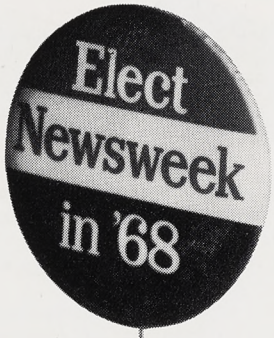
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The reader's side.

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1918 / 1968

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THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Byline of Dependability

SHOOTING SCRIPT 1918

by Ben Grauer, NBC News Commentator and Reporter



MUSIC: "Good-By Broadway, Hello France"—(up bright, then fade as background for:)

TITLE SLIDE: 1918—"THE YEAR THE U. S. GOT MARRIED." (music fades to back:)

VOICE: It was the year the U.S. got married to the rest

of the world. The year dawned on a nation at last fully grown, yet for the first time deep in an overseas war. (Super map of U. S.—pan to upper right corner and zoom into:)

SCENE: Seaside street in Eastport, Maine. Tuesday, January 1st. Dawn. Fisherman stumbling home through heavy snow after New Year's party. (Coldest winter on record.) Stops to take out of wallet photo of son in Army uniform, field hat and laced leggings, in front of wooden barracks at Camp Devens, Mass. (Dissolve to interior of White House.)

SCENE: President Wilson's office. Secretary Joseph Tumulty checks arrangements for White House New Year's reception. Dismisses staff, then opens folder on desk labelled "Congress—January 6th" and starts reading: "I —Open covenants openly arrived at. . . ." (Dissolve to Camp Fremont, San Francisco:)

SCENE: National Guard sentry walking post. He upbraids relief buddy for being late, pointing to timepiece. Buddy sees he is wearing watch strapped to his wrist and makes derisive sissy gesture. A *wrist* watch! (Dissolve to cattle ranch in East Texas:)

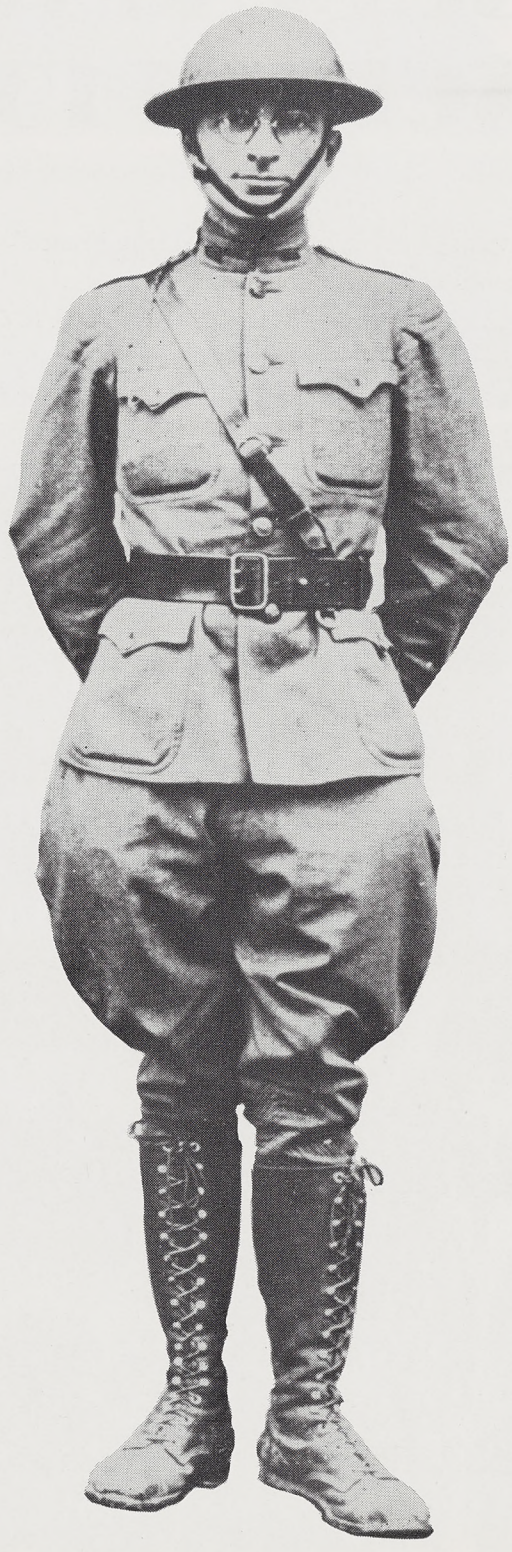
SCENE: Rancher Clarence Johnson enters bedroom. Looks at boy sleeping soundly, then picks up report card on table. Camera dollies in over shoulder to read: Teacher, Leta Bradley. Pupil, Lyndon B. Johnson, Age 9. Studies —A. Deportment—B. (Dissolve to Port of Embarkation, Hoboken:)

SCENE: Long shot of converted freighters tied up on both sides of wide dock—gangways open and waiting. Half of them fly British flags, all ships painted in broad patterns of camouflage: olive green, brown, black, sea-gray. Red Cross Canteen Corps trucks drive in and take up positions. Each is manned by a bustling woman, in wide brimmed hat and long pleated skirt, seated in rear alongside a coffee urn. Pan up dockyard tower and zoom into banner reading: "This month's goal—ships." With a smaller banner marked "Censored" over the number.

MUSIC UP: "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France." (Then fade.)

VOICE: When the year began, the troopships were slipping "from Atlantic ports" carrying 50,000 men a month. Lining the rails, waving their hats, were the soldiers of the AEF, all in their twenties, new-made out of the draft, going off not so much to battle as to an overseas lark.

Harry S. Truman, World War I warrior, 27 years before becoming President of the United States





Wives and sweethearts keep step with doughboys as latter are led to the ships for first journey to a foreign land





MONEY or LIFE
or or
LIBERTY or DEATH

Give your quarters now W.S.S. **and avert the Menace**



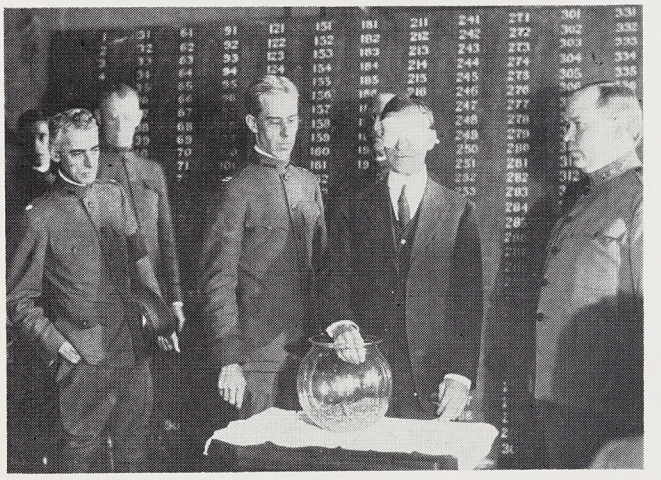
Friedrich Wilhelm, "Clown Prince"



John Purroy Mitchell



Jeanette Rankin



War Secretary Baker draws first draft number

A new national color was Olive Drab.

MUSIC MEDLEY: "Yip Yap Yaphank," "Bing Bang Bingen on the Rhine," "Madelon."

VOICE: They were tourists in uniform, off across "the big pond" to "finish off the war," fool around a bit with the Madamoiselles and they hurry back home. We were talking about the Beast of Berlin, the Werewolf of Potsdam. We were saying, "Lick a Stamp and Lick the Kaiser."

MUSIC: "How're You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm, After They've Seen Paree?"

MONTAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: Sauerkraut to Be Liberty Cabbage. Dachshunds Now Liberty Pups. Teaching of German in New York Schools Abolished. Metropolitan Bans German Opera. Saloons Seal Doom of Pretzel. John Purroy Mitchell Killed in Fall from Plane.

VOICE: It didn't really matter, as far as the nation was concerned, that Wilson saw the conflict in the wider grasp of the scholar and the idealist. While he privately dreamed of moral order in a united world, he was maneuvering the nation's emotions with a masterful combination of a Galahad and buoyant Americanism. His ringing phrases had put the war declaration over. (Wilson on phonograph record:) " . . . ruthless sinkings . . . Prussian autocrats . . . challenge to all mankind . . . we desire no conquest . . . a concert for peace . . . the world must be made safe for democracy."

VOICE: Congress might never have voted itself so solidly out of its traditional posture of isolation (one dissenter—Congresswoman Jeanette Rankin) and into the wide world's wars if it had really been aware of the portent of the momentous step it took that April 2, 1917. The declaration of war was followed by a Draft Act—our first national conscription. Provost General Enoch Crowder in charge. Ten million men registered on June 5th. The Civilian Draft Board was born. Comfort stations for Rookies were established at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island. An unusual college fraternity was formed: Students Army Training Corps.

MUSIC MEDLEY: "Goodbye Maw, Goodbye Paw," "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "God Bless America."

VOICE: When the year opened, it was part of America's optimism not to know the size of the war-time task ahead. But the Italians knew, with the rout at Caporetto—the *Farewell to Arms* that Ernest Hemingway was to write



All of a sudden, war didn't seem like fun



Marshall Foch, the Supreme Commander

about. The French offensive had failed. The British attack at Arras was a disaster. Worst of all, German U-boats with their unrestricted submarine warfare were sinking ships in the Atlantic twice as fast as the Allies could build them. At home, there was the occasional dissenting voice: Max Eastman and Floyd Dell of *The Masses* were tried under the Espionage Act and Sylvester Viereck expressed his preference for the enemy.

MONTAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: Lloyd George meets Wilson—States America Is Biggest Factor in Biggest Struggle. Allies Admit Wilson Is Leader. Need for Ships Put Foremost. Admiral Beatty Sure of Triumph. McAdoo Clears Railroads to Relieve Coal Famine. Rose Pastor Stokes Gets 10 Years for Denouncing War. Eugene Debs Gets 10 Years for Violation of Espionage Act.

VOICE: The Hindenburg Line seemed impregnable. The Allies' plight on the Western Front and the deepening civilian stringencies were countered, not with downcast eyes and tightened lips, but with a full-hearted burst of energy expressed in waves of materiel and ships. Teddy Roosevelt and Leonard Wood offered their services to the military, and were not accepted. We had our first blackouts. We created the Dollar-a-Year men. We introduced daylight-saving.

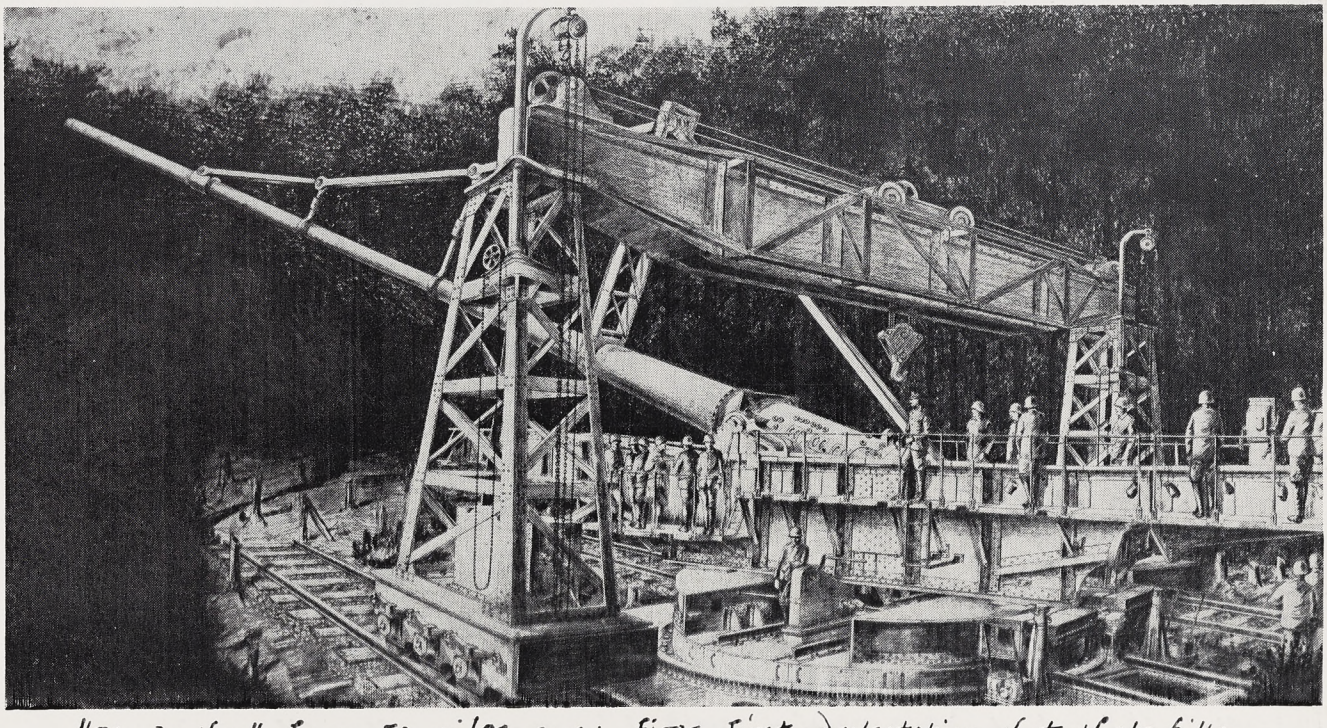
MONTAGE NEWSREEL CLIPS: Panorama of Hog Island with 50 shipways. (Cut to:) Oakland, California, with concrete ship being launched sideways. (Cut to:) Edward N. Hurley, Chairman U. S. Shipping Board, with caption "What we are building is a bridge to France."

VOICE: The German offensive came in the Spring. Ludendorff opened on the British at Arras in March. In April he drove them back at Ypres. Then the Germans struck against the French at Rheims and were back on the Marne where Joffre had held the Germans with a taxi-army in 1914. On Good Friday the burst of a single German shell, fired from 50 miles east of Paris, was heard across the ocean.

NEWSREEL CLIP: Shell from "Big Bertha" kills hundreds worshipping in Paris church. Shot of ruined interior of church. Pan up to gaping hole in roof. Cut to artist's drawing of giant gun mounted on railway carriage. Cut to exterior of Elysee Palace. Premier Clemenceau congratulating General Foch on being named Supreme Allied Commander. Cut to American Expeditionary Forces headquarters. Shot of AEF Commander-in-Chief Persh-



Ships, Ships. We had to have ships to build a bridge to France. So we became shipbuilding center of the world



"Big Bertha," from 50 miles away, fires first devastating shot that kills hundreds of worshippers in a Paris church







Above, "Our backs are to the wall" Haig. Below, selling like mad was sheet music for the songs we sang

ing, and British Commander, Haig, just after dispatching request for immediate shipment of more American troops.

VOICE: For the first time, American doughboys were swarming up to the lines in considerable numbers. After holding them as separate units, Pershing had responded to the plea of Foch to stiffen the Allied danger points. Now the doughboys were in the trenches, on the line, over the top.

MONTAGE NEWSREEL CLIP: Army stills (combat footage, if available). First Division counter-attacking to capture Cantigny. Third Division holding at Chateau Thierry. Cut to close-up of machine gun manned by a Cpl. Alphonse Capone. Cut to map of Belleau Woods strong point circled by Marine replacements, followed by shot of burned out forest one week later with Marines counting casualties. "Hell and Maria" Charles G. Dawes smoking upside-down pipe. General Allenby leading his forces into Jerusalem.

VOICE: The service flags with one, two or three blue stars that hung in the front windows of almost every home across the land were beginning to show the gold star symbol of a fallen son. Wilson set a new draft call and extended the age limits from 21 down to 18 and from 30 up to 45. He matched this sobering request with a staggering propaganda program, and the nation answered with a bang.

MUSIC MEDLEY: "If He Fights Like He Makes Love, Goodbye Germany," "Hello, Central, Give Me No-Man's Land," "Hinky-Dinky Parlez-vous," "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile."

MONTAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: New Draft Registration Exceeds 12 Million Estimate. 95 Ships Launched on 4th of July. Troop Shipments Reach 10,000 Daily. "Pussyfoot" Johnson Promotes Anti-Saloon League. Mississippi First State to Ratify Prohibition Amendment. Navy Secretary Daniels Forbids Liquor on Ships.

VOICE: The nation, apparently without realizing it, and for the first time in its history, was being maneuvered into the tightest kind of autocracy at home in order to to fight autocracy abroad. With Wilson pulling all the strings, Washington had a lock on the nation's life. Newton D. Baker's War Department, Bernard Baruch's War Industries Board, and George Creel's Committee on Public Information had total control of the way America

General Allenby, before taking over Jerusalem





"Hell 'n Maria" Dawes, with upside-down pipe

(Floyd Gibbons, who covered it all, and suffered



thought, built and fought. The country was drenched in war; but it was not a war attended by nightly broadcasts of casualty lists or combat films, not a war of peace marchers, no draft-card burnings, not a war of saturation bombing, or napalm, or atomic threat. It was a war detailed in the ringing dispatches of Richard Harding Davis, Paul Scott Mowrer, Floyd Gibbons, Heywood Broun. It was a war to set this good old world to rights again, and to teach those Huns a lesson. The gold stars scattered across the land were blurred in the misty vision of peace just ahead. So the nation dug in, squared off, and let go.

MONTAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: Suffrage Amendment Beaten—Susan B. Anthony and Carrie Chapman Catt Protest. Henry Ford Loses Race for Senate Seat. Walter Camp Has Exercise Program. Youngest Roosevelt Son, Quentin, Killed in Action. John D. Rockefeller World's Richest Man—$60,000,000 a Year; Frick Next; Carnegie Next. A Rembrandt Goes at Auction for $10,750. Detroit Predicts Big Future for Electric Cars.

MUSIC MEDLEY: "You'll Never Get Rich, You Son of a Bitch, You're in the Army Now," "Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia," "Sister Suzie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers."

VOICE: America was a war factory fueled by dollars. The stoking machine was the War Bond Drive: Chief Stoker, George Creel. His Information Committee bombed the nation with posters, slogans, pamphlets, rallies, movie stars, opera singers, Four-minute Men.

MUSIC: "Liberty Bell, It's Time to Ring Again." (Fade to background for:)

MONTAGE NEWSREEL CLIPS: Artists' recruiting drive. Poster-painting demonstration with James Montgomery Flagg painting "Tell It to the Marines." Howard Chandler Christy's "I Want *You* for the U. S. Army." Charles Dana Gibson's drawing of a soldier and civilian worker: "Together You Will Win." Liberty Loan rallies with Elsie Janis, Nora Bayes singing "Over There," Eddie Cantor prancing to "Would You Rather Be a Colonel with an Eagle on Your Shoulder, or a Private with a Chicken on Your Knee?" Douglas Fairbanks clowning with Charles Chaplin and making Buy-a-Bond speeches. Chicago Opera House concert with Chauncey Olcott singing "My Irish Rose," Geraldine Farrar, John McCormack, Madame Schumann-Heink, all pitching in. Morale films with Mary

Carrie Chapman Catt



Mme. Schumann-Heink

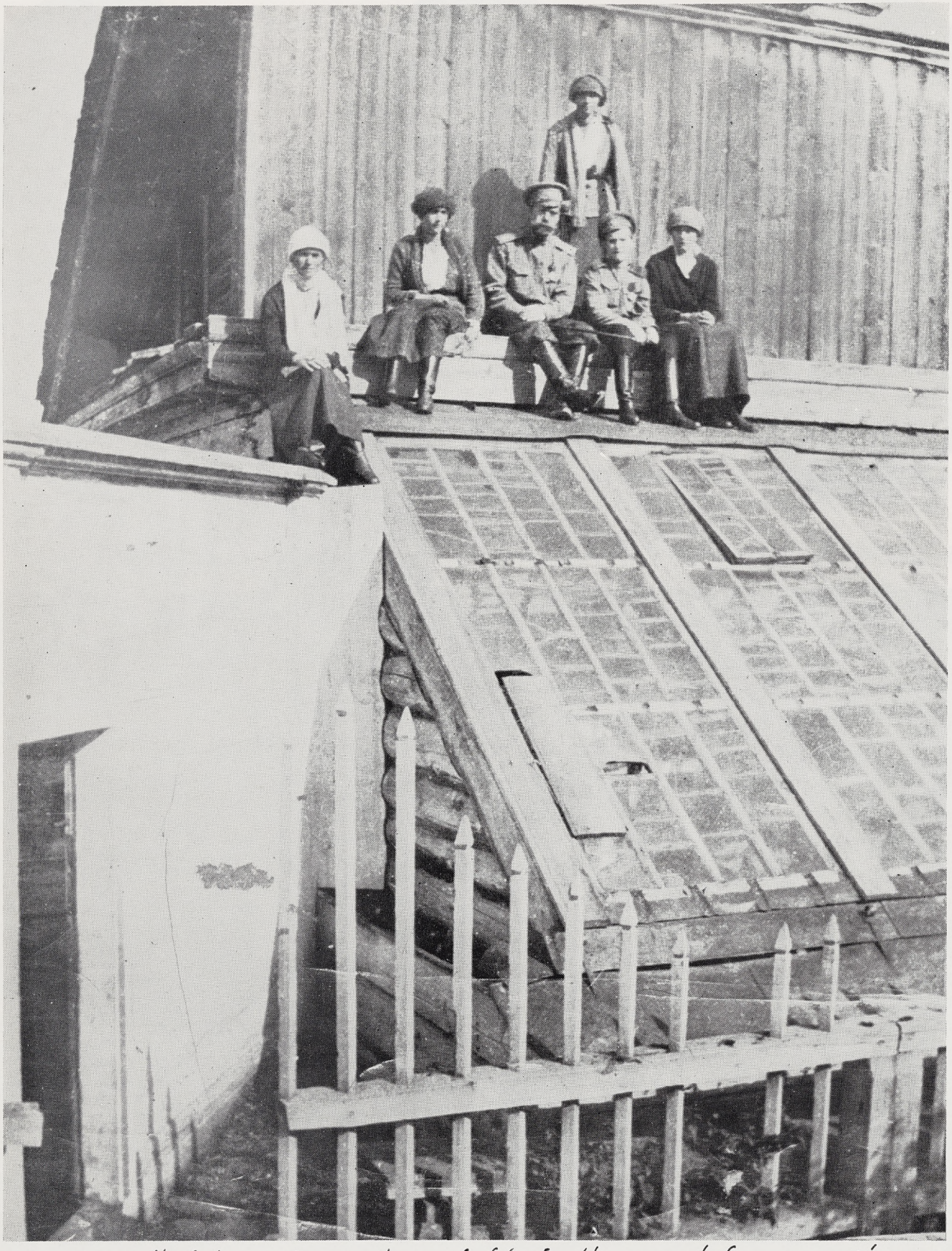


Susan B. Anthony



Douglas Fairbanks gives Charlie Chaplin, and war bond sales a lift at rally in Wall Street





Czar Nicholas and members of his family, just before execution by the Bolsheviks

Arrested for conspiracy, Eamon De Valera





Shot as a spy, Mata Hari

Miles Minter and William Farnum. American Women's War Relief Benefit at New York Hippodrome: Mrs. James W. Gerard, Chairman, with Al Jolson singing "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody." Harry Houdini making an elephant (and keeper) vanish from the stage. Harry Lauder in his 9th Farewell Tour, singing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

VOICE: Alongside Baker, Baruch, Fuel Administrator Garfield, Alien Property Custodian A. Mitchell Palmer, loomed the serene and fatherly figure of Herbert Hoover. While others fed the war machine, Hoover fed America and the Allies. Food Administrator was his title and administer he did, to a family of three hundred million here and abroad. He lowered sugar consumption, raised hog production, fought waste at home to swell shipments overseas. The nation, from breakfast to midnight snack, was Hooverized.

MONTAGE STILL OF POSTERS: Save Wheat and Serve Freedom. Start a Victory Garden. Wheatless Monday and Meatless Tuesday. Food will Win the War.

MONTAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES: Mata Hari Executed. Bolo Pasha Executed. Bergdoll Still Hides from Draft. Sargeant York Does It Alone. Czar and Family Murdered. Lenin and Trotsky Take Over. Billy Sunday Chases Devil Back to Hell. French Appoint Alfred Dreyfus Lieutent Colonel. Cooties Now Enemy Number Two. First Zeppelin Raids Over London. Major Charles S. Whittelsey and His Lost Battalion Found. Baron Richthofen and His Flying Circus in Action Again. Germans Sneak Arms to Ireland. Sinn Fein Conspiracy Exposed, de Valera in Custody. Mayor Hylan Guarantees Subway Fare Will Stay at a Nickel. Colonel House Closeted with Wilson.

VOICE: So there was the great young nation of 100 million Americans in the summer of 1918, tuned and trained for the climactic adventure. The home front was organized, delivering support to the million men already overseas, with another million to go before November. There was some grumbling and hanging back. But the general feeling in the land was boundlessly with the President and the boys abroad. Slackers were despised. The Hun was hated. Our doughboys, in their tin hats in the trenches of No-Man's-Land, were the heroes of the hour and the day and the year. The man in the street (most probably over 45) and the woman alongside him (nurse or elevator operator or Farmerette) were all super-patriots in a



Heading Rainbow Division,
Douglas MacArthur



Flying Circus Ace,
Baron Von Richthofen



Operations Chief,
Col. George C. Marshall, Jr.



super-effort to win the war. Against this background that fall came news of the new German offensive—the second battle of the Marne.

MONTAGE NEWSPAPER HEADLINERS: England Calls Up Men of Fifty. Germany Invades Finland. Koreans Ask United States to Help in Separation from Japan. Charles Chaplin Produces "Shoulder Arms." Charles Chaplin Marries Mildred Harris. John McCrae Dies in Army Hospital. Spy Scares in Cincinnati, Milwaukee, St. Louis. British Labour Party Holds First Annual Meeting. Supreme Court Decides Stock Dividends Not Taxable as Income. World Series Cancelled. Two Most Popular Magazines Among Our Troops: *Literary Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post.*

VOICE: When the Allied lines held against the Germans at the Marne, an expectant tremor ran through the land. Now Foch was to give Pershing his chance for action by American divisions on their own. The dispatches spelled out names of French villages that became household words to every American. It was Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken by Christmas.

MONTAGE NEWSREEL CLIPS: First and Second American Divisions under German Bombardment at Soissons. Close-up of battlefield-grave of Pvt. Joyce Kilmer. Douglas MacArthur, commanding Rainbow Division, ordering fixed-bayonet counter-attack. 42nd Division herding German prisoners at St. Mihiel. Flying ace Lt. Eddie Rickenbacker alongside his Nieuport bi-plane. Col. George C. Marshall, Operations Chief for Pershing, in the Argonne forest.

VOICE: In the midst of the good news from the fighting front, an unexpected invader came from overseas—an epidemic of grippe that had picked up the name Spanish Influenza on its way from Asia through Europe. At the peak of the flu in October, theatres were closed and people walked the streets with gauze masks covering their faces. A folk joke of the day was, "I had a little bird named Enza—I opened the window and influenza." Half as many soldiers died in Army camps at home as fell in Europe. As the epidemic subsided, signs that the Central Powers were cracking became unmistakable. While German troops held stubbornly, Berlin dispatched peace feelers to Wilson. Then Austria surrendered to the Italians. German sailors mutinied at Kiel. In Berlin there were food riots. There was so much bottled-up emotion



Killed in action, poet Joyce Kilmer



Our own Ace, Eddie Rickenbacker

Sailors mutiny at Kiel, food riots (left) break out in Berlin, major signs of the enemy's collapse

that, somewhere, somebody had to jump the gun. It happened on the morning of November 7th when Roy Howard cabled to New York the words "Armistice Signed." The premature celebration lasted only for hours. When the authentic news arrived at 3 a.m. the following Monday morning, November 11th, most of the world went wild.

MONTAGE NEWSREEL CLIPS: 5th Avenue solid with marching crowds. Mayor Hylan at City Hall declaring Municipal holiday. President Wilson riding to Congress past cheering thousands. Bonfires lit on San Francisco hills. Enrico Caruso on balcony of his hotel singing The Star Spangled Banner to jampacked Times Square audience.

VOICE: The nation was full of parades, flags, horns, joy unconfined. The armistice jubilation was re-played for each of the bulging transports that was bringing AEF veterans home. After a year and a half absence, the doughboys quickly noted changes: dresses tighter, skirts shorter. Sometimes a kneecap could be seen.

MUSIC MEDLEY: "Ja-Da Ja-Da," "Dardanella," "Why Do They All Take the Night Boat to Albany?"

VOICE: While the tide of veterans flowed home, President Wilson announced he would attend the Allied Peace Conference in person to implement, face to face with Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando, his 14 points, and a League of Nations. His promised coming was a signal to little people of Europe and Asia who sought "self-determination" to head for the Conference. In Paris, a 28 year old hotel worker and nationalist from French Indo-China, Ho Chi Minh, rented a dark suit for a hoped-for interview with the great leader of American democracy. But the President and the Conference were to be busy with larger, much larger concerns.

MONTAGE NEWSREEL CLIPS: Wilson sailing on the SS George Washington from New York Harbor.

VOICE: The world had been full of war. Now in Paris and Washington it was full of intrigue and hidden power moves. But the United States, powerful as a lumberjack after the season's logging, felt it could relax now that it had won a war and made the world Safe for Democracy.

MUSIC MEDLEY: "Dear Old Pal," "All the Quakers Are Shoulder Shakers Down in Quakertown," "Every Day Will Be Sunday When the Town Goes Dry," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." And up for big ending: *"The World is Waiting for the Sunrise."*

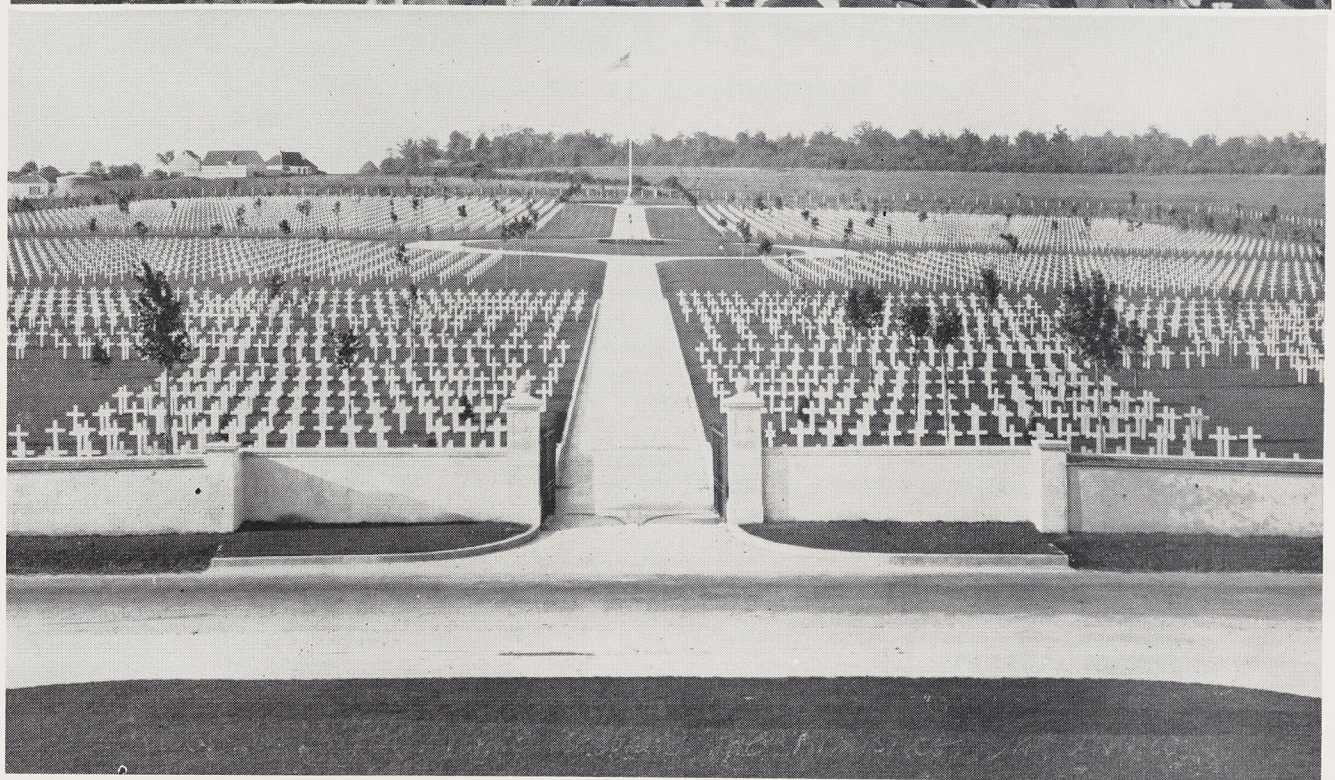
Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson walk to the Peace Conference





Women in Hoboken cheer the Armistice





Crowds on Fifth Avenue celebrate the Armistice. In France, in the cemeteries, all is quiet

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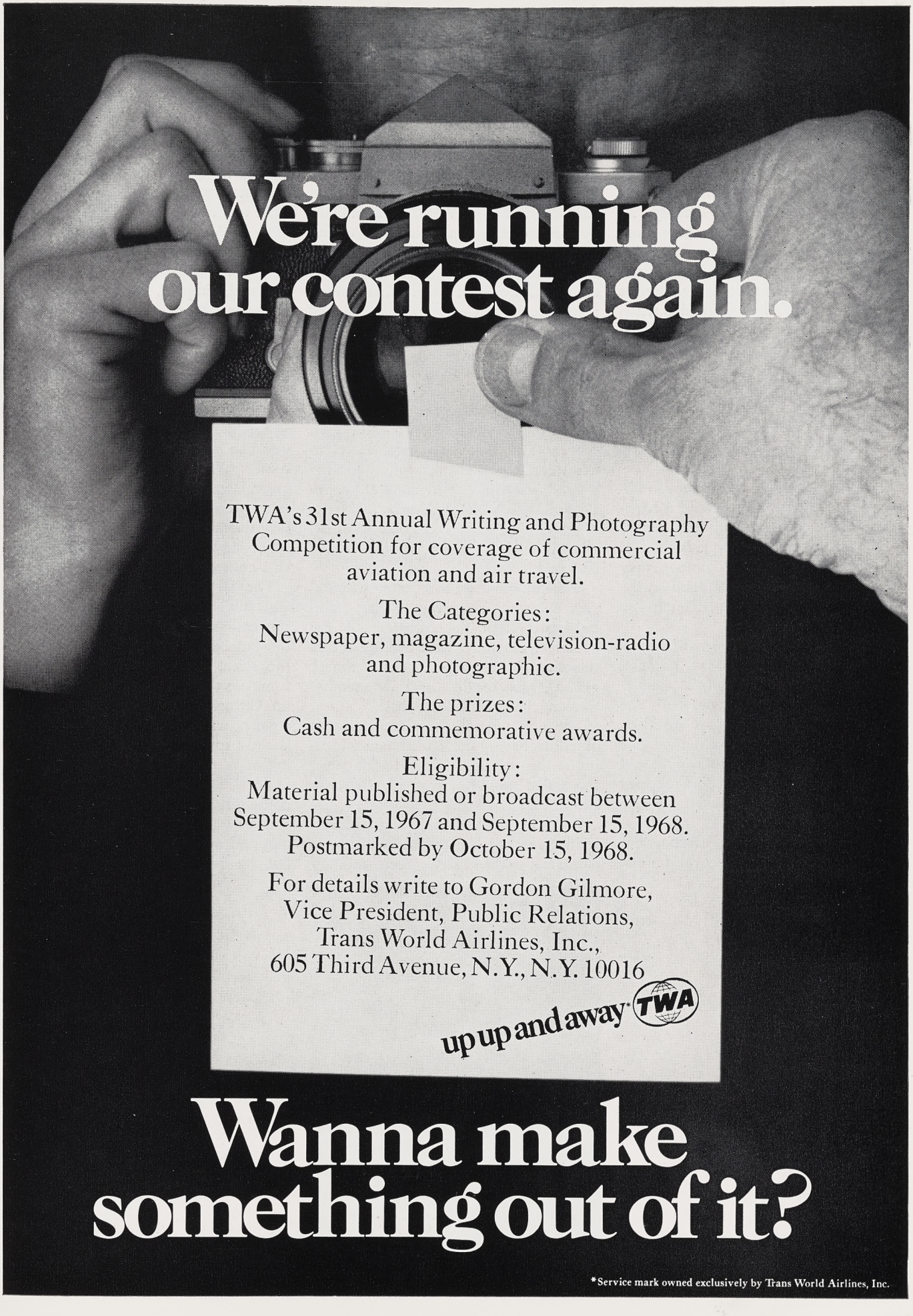
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The United Press International force of 35 to 40 reporters and photographers normally go out from their Saigon office at 19 Ngo Duc Ke to cover the war. Normalcy, however, is a rare commodity in this war.

On January 30, 1968, the first day of the Viet Cong's "Tet" offensive, war burst into the UPI bureau—literally. At first we thought the noise came from Lunar New Year fireworks. But these explosions were louder and interspersed with dull thuds—unmistakably mortars and grenades. We had no doubts when a bullet slammed through the wall on the top floor of our building on a tree-lined street a block and a half from the Saigon river. Bill Snead, our news-picture manager, stumbled out of his bedroom upstairs and saw a hole the size of a flashlight battery in his living room wall.

A half block from the bureau, military police battled from behind a barricade. They were beating off attacks by Viet Cong suicide squads—human bombs rushing the Vietnamese Navy headquarters. We put a bulletin on the wire to the Tokyo bureau, then began working the telephones.

A few minutes later two military police—Sgt. Phillip Gardner of Assonet, Mass. and Spec. 4 Jim Manly of Pendleton, S.C.—burst into the bureau. The Viet Cong had opened up on their jeep outside the door. We doused one light, kept one burning so copy could roll. Manly, meanwhile, had slipped out the front door and poked his rifle through an iron grille.

Without getting shot, Correspondent Bill Reilly made his way to the bureau from his apartment a half block away. Then he headed outside to get his story. He and others were setting the wheels of close-up news agency war-reporting into action.

For Photographer Bill Hall it almost led to death. Rolling toward the scene of a fire fight in a jeep, he was shot by a South Vietnamese military policeman at a road block. We first got the report that he was dead, then a call from a hospital chief said he was alive and would recover. Hall now is convalescing at Georgetown hospital in Washington from bullet wounds of the stomach and legs.

For our Kate Webb it led to days of little sleep and pavements splashed with blood. Before being caught up in the maelstrom, Kate had been sitting on the steps of the Continental Hotel in the middle of Saigon, waiting in the gray foredawn for transportation to Pleiku. She wondered why the hotel night deskman, an Indian in pajamas, wanted to close the front doors. He had said nothing.

The military police jeeps whizzed past a few blocks away. Firing could be heard from the direction of the American embassy. Kate headed in that direction. "I left my steel pot (helmet) behind," she recalls, "and I remember thinking 'Why did I do that?' "

She and several other reporters ran at half trot along the walled houses leading to the embassy. "Keep back against the walls," an M.P. warned. "They're still in there and sniping."

Suddenly the wall Kate was flattened against seemed like the wall of an executioner's yard. Her green military clothing was like a beacon light against the wall's whiteness. The building across the street, as Kate remembers that moment, "seemed filled with windows." An M.P. crouched next to her yelled at a buddy, as sniper fire broke out again, "If you see him, shoot him."

"Get back there," yelled another M.P. to a companion, "I don't want any more M.P.'s killed." He grabbed a grenade and ran past Kate toward the embassy. He lobbed the grenade, then returned, limping, his face a mask of anger and hate. He hobbled behind a jeep—not to escape bullets but to cry. The M.P. next to Kate explained, "He lost three of his buddies and picked up some shrapnel."

A few minutes later, Kate followed M.P.'s into the embassy grounds. "It was like a butcher shop in Eden," she recalls. "Beautiful but ghastly. The green lawns and white ornamental fountains were strewn with bodies. The teak doors were blasted. Our men were pickaxing their way among the dead, and around live rockets."

For UPI Photographers Bill Snead and Rikio Imajo, also in the thick of the embassy fighting, that day led to the butchery of war. Imajo ran across the street to where a wounded Viet Cong was being dragged from a shot-up Citroen. It was lying on its side almost opposite the embassy gate. Snead's camera swept the sniper fighting.

For Bill Reilly that day led to the battle of "Dead-end Alley" near Tan Son Nhut airport. Rockets, machine gun and mortar fire burst around him, but he remembers more vividly the



Bill Snead, Bureau Manager
UPI Newspictures, Saigon

screams of a Vietnamese child who tried to shut out the sound of the battle by putting her fingers in her ears.

Reilly had taken a position in a ditch at the open end of the alley branching off Plantation Road. He was pinned down for more than an hour as helicopter gun ships overhead and Marines on the ground exchanged rocket, mortar, machine gun and automatic rifle fire with Viet Cong suicide troops trapped in the alley. Throughout the fight Reilly could see a small girl, crouched in a house halfway down the alley where the Viet Cong had set up machine guns. "I'll never forget," says Reilly, "how she screamed in terror. I could hear it over the firing. I can still hear it."

For Photographer Charles Eggleston the day really started when a neighbor beat on his front door and yelled, "Someone fired machine gun bullets into my room." He dressed and went into the street just as M.P. jeeps sped past, machine guns at ready. He spotted two bodies down the street, then hitchhiked to the UPI office, then was dispatched to Tan Son Nhut to photograph the action. In one alley was a tank and the bodies of M.P.'s, apparently killed by rockets. He helped drag six of the bodies to a military truck.

"Moving through the streets, especially that night," recalls Eggleston, "was dangerous. The jittery defenders were just as dangerous as the Viet Cong."

For Perry Young, who had arrived in Saigon from his former post in Chicago just 48 hours earlier, the day led to an unexpected baptism of fire. Almost before he had unpacked his bags, Young was edging, tree by tree, up a street much like the Vieux Carre in New Orleans. A fire fight was underway a block from Independence Palace. It was his job to cover it.



Bill Reilly
UPI Correspondent, Vietnam

Two American M.P.'s were lying dead in the street. Young nearly stepped on a Viet Cong the American M.P.'s had dragged out of a building where a handful of V.C. were holed up, shelling the Palace wall and the Korean embassy. The M.P.'s ordered Young back behind a large banyan tree in the yard of an old French school. Thirty-six hours later he still was at his post when the last V.C. had been flushed and the building secured.

For Dan Southerland that day led him to Tan Son Nhut. Viet Cong mortar rounds exploded near him and the Vietnamese marines with him. "A lot of civilians were hurt in the fighting," he recalls. "One old woman was carrying her daughter who had been shot through the heart. The old woman kept crying, 'Viet Cong, Viet Cong'."

For Ray Wilkinson, who had reached Saigon for the Tet Holiday celebration before his discharge from the U.S. Marines and a job with the UPI staff in the capital, it was anything but a holiday. Wilkinson, who formerly worked for UPI in Omaha, Neb. and Chicago, twice was shot at by skittish Vietnamese policemen. Twice while walking down the street he was caught in fire fights. "If this is Saigon," he said at the time, "then send me back in the field with the Marines."

For Correspondent Alvin B. Webb, Jr., who hitchhiked a ride with a Marine convoy headed for the hell that was Hue, that day eventually led to a hospital. For three weeks Webb dodged sniper bullets and mortar rounds, all the time filing spot reports of the fighting from the ancient walled city. On February 17, in a dispatch carried out of Hue's walled citadel by a fellow correspondent, Webb said: "This is getting tough and terrifying. I don't mind admitting I'm scared. I wish we knew what was going on on the outside. If any UPI staffer comes in, please bring water and cigarettes—filters and preferably mentholated."

Two days later Webb caught shrapnel in the right foot and leg, the right arm and the back of his head. A mortar round hit about four feet from him as he was trying to help a Marine who

IT'S QUITE A LITTLE WAR

by Eugene V. Risher, U.P.I.,
Bureau Manager, Saigon



Alvin B. Webb, Jr.
UPI Correspondent, Vietnam

had been hit in the throat.

"We were with Delta Company, QST battalion, 5th Marines and moving along pretty good," Webb recalled from his hospital bed at Phu Bai, just below Hue. "Then hell broke loose. A Marine sergeant and I were pinned down for almost an hour. Snipers zeroed in on us. Their bullets were hitting about four feet from our heads. Two Marines got killed on a wall to my right. The screams were awful."

A few days earlier Webb had seen UPI Photographer Dana Stone get nicked by V.C. mortar shrapnel, and he wrote about it on notebook paper illuminated under a blanket by a penlight.

Not all the injuries and personal bravery of correspondents revolved around the Viet Cong Tet offensive. They have lived with death since the war began.

On May 17, 1967, Thomas W. Cheatham was hit by shrapnel while covering a U.S. Marine fight with North Vietnamese troops near Con Thien. He was evacuated by helicopter, underwent operation aboard a U.S. carrier, convalesced in a U.S. hospital and eventually returned to his duties in Saigon.

On April 10, 1967, two of our photographers — Nguyen Thanh Tai and Nguyen Van Cau — were wounded by a Viet Cong boobytrap while covering a battle south of Saigon. The boobytrap exploded on a path near a rice paddy as Tai and Cau were heading toward a helicopter landing strip to get transportation back to Saigon. Cau's wounds were minor. Tai underwent two operations for brain damage. He is back at work in the Saigon picture bureau.

On March 5, 1967, while riding in an armored personnel carrier just north of Hue, our photographer Hiromichi Mine was killed when the vehicle struck a landmine. It was his second tour of duty for U.P.I. in Vietnam.

The news agency story of dedication and personal bravery is only part of a war-coverage story. First must come planning.

In 1964, before the war heated up, our bureau in Saigon was located in the same place as now. Then, however, it consisted of a tiny reception room and a second room now occupied exclusively by photographers.

Phil Newsom, foreign news analyst, dispatched to Saigon then for one of his four tours of duty, was given the job of getting ready for the news explosion we knew was coming. When Newsom left the country three months later, an adjoining building had been rented, walls knocked down, the newsroom arranged so that it could accommodate an expanded staff, sleeping quarters set up for likely emergencies.

Today, the UPI news and photography operation here occupies the ground floor of two buildings. In place of the three American news and photography correspondents accommodated in the early stages of the war, the bureau now provides working space for up to 30 newsmen and as many as ten photographers, including some Vietnamese and Japanese newsmen and photographers, editors, teletype operators, drivers, office helpers and stringers.

Above this news complex are two apartments usually occupied by our staffers and their families, and a dormitory that sleeps six in double-decker beds. Behind the building is an emergency generator which guarantees the news will flow to Tokyo and New York if local power fails.

Unlike previous American wars, this one, by and large, is being fought without fixed lines and without the objective of taking territory. It's a hunt-and-kill war. Old guideposts are no longer valid. Victory seldom can be measured in miles advanced or towns captured.

Nor are bullets and bombs the only weapons. Both sides wage psychological warfare that in the end could be the decisive factor. Because of the nature of the fighting, it has not been possible to provide regular, periodic summaries of wins and losses. Casualty figures issued once a week provide an uncertain index. Results must be studied. A Phil Newsom must be sent into the war zone periodically to assess the situation on the spot. Tired correspondents must be rested, just as the soldier is rested. Battle smoke must not cloud equally important struggles such as pacification, government stability, internal elections, radio claims and counter claims.

Enemy desertion rates are studied as clues. Villagers far from Saigon are interviewed as a possible indication of whether the V.C. or the South Vietnamese are winning the hearts and minds of the population as well as their bodies.

It's quite a little war!

MISSING INGREDIENT—A VILLAIN—Can We Win Without Someone to Hate?

by Alfred Balk, Feature Editor, Saturday Review



Most Americans can't identify him, but George Creel could have made Mao Tse-Tung as familiar as Mickey Mouse



The Beast of Berlin. Creel's propaganda machine fixed his hash

"No one without a strong stomach should visit the Museum of the Revolution in Hanoi," Harrison E. Salisbury writes in *Behind the Lines—Hanoi.* "Particularly not at 6 a.m. of a chilly December morning. It is a chamber of horrors—horrors of life in colonial Indochina, horrors of warfare against the Americans. . . . There were pictures of beheadings, of disembowelments, of stockades, of the 'water cure,' of men being buried alive and women being sliced to bits. Only by looking at the dates could one be certain whether an exhibit was historical or contemporary."

There was, he adds, "a cartoon showing the French colonists sitting with their moneybags atop a pyramid formed of the backs of the suffering Vietnamese people. . . . I had first seen it—or its counterpart—in Bukhara, in Soviet Central Asia. . . . then later, I had seen it in Ulan Bator. . . . I wondered how many other colonial peoples used this cartoon to simplify and epitomize for their people the story of the past."

Hate. Historically, this has been an elemental and perhaps indispensable ingredient of every conflict. Personalize the enemy. Caricature him. Spread fear. Oversimplify. Distort. Show contempt.

It is a timeless formula. Splashed over the image of Kaiser Wilhelm, it helped bring down the "Beast of Berlin" in World War I. And personalized in Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, and Emperor Hirohito, it was a primary weapon against the Axis powers in World War II. Indeed, Harold Lasswell, in his classic *Propaganda Technique in the World War* (1921), lists as the first objective of any propaganda machine "to mobilize hatred against the enemy."

And so, in World War I the official U.S. propaganda agency known as the Creel Committee sponsored 75,000 Four Minute speakers who, in some 750,000 speeches in 5,000 American communities, exorted against the Hun and the Boche. And in World War II, the Office of War Information, directed by the late Elmer Davis, helped make the black mustache and over-the-temple bangs of Hitler, the pudgy jowls of Il Duce, the slant eyes and toothy grin of the caricatured Hirohito, synonymous with villainy. Meanwhile, in Britain, Winston Churchill, in a radio broadcast, castigated "this wicked man Hitler, the repository and embodiment of many forms of soul-destroying hatred, this monstrous product of former wrongs and shame."

In song, Americans went "Heil, Heil, Right in Der Fuehrer's Face." In photos, airmen inscribed bombs and artillery shells to the villains Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, Hirohito—even enemy propagandists Axis Sally and Tokyo Rose. The sociological environment became a study in black and white in which the masses were encouraged, as Joseph Goebbels once wrote of the aims of propaganda, to "think simply and primitively . . . to generalize complicated situations . . . to draw clear and uncompromising conclusions."

Where are the songs and slogans, the caricatures and ridicule, the contemptibly evil villains in the American view of the Vietnam war? Where is the nationwide propaganda wave? And where the all-embracing patriotic fervor?

If they exist in this war, it is only among the Vietcong, the North Vietnamese, and perhaps the most militant Chinese Red Guards. In South Vietnam —war-weary, corruption-burdened, dictator-manipulated – there has been no glory since the dimly remembered days of peace preceding World War II.

American troops are not fighting on home soil; the Vietnamese are. American military men are not being asked to destroy countrymen; Vietnamese are. The United States has not been forced to mobilize its entire economy and commit all its armed forces for a "great war"; not so, North Vietnam. For Americans, the standard combat-zone assignment has been one year; for the Vietnamese, a lifetime. Our avowed objective is not the grandly demanded "unconditional surrender" of the World Wars, but a negotiated peace in which North Vietnam and its leaders would survive.

"Hate Ho Chi Minh?" one American asked. "I don't even know what Ho Chi Minh looks like. Hate the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese? I've never even met a Vietnamese."

The "enemy" in this war, as Bernard Kalb perceptively observed in a *CBS Reports* documentary on the Vietcong in February, is "the most faceless foe in our history."

Since the fall of Nikita Khrushchev, moreover, most Americans have been unable to name the two principal executives of the political board of directors that now administers one Vietcong and North Vietnamese ally, Soviet Russia. Mao tse-Tung, to be sure, is eminently cartoonable and for a time seemed fatefully cast as a villain. But the monolith has crashed. Communism now has many faces—some less threatening, if not more cooperative, than General de Gaulle's. Even the all-purpose world-wide ideological whipping boy of the Korean conflict is denied us!

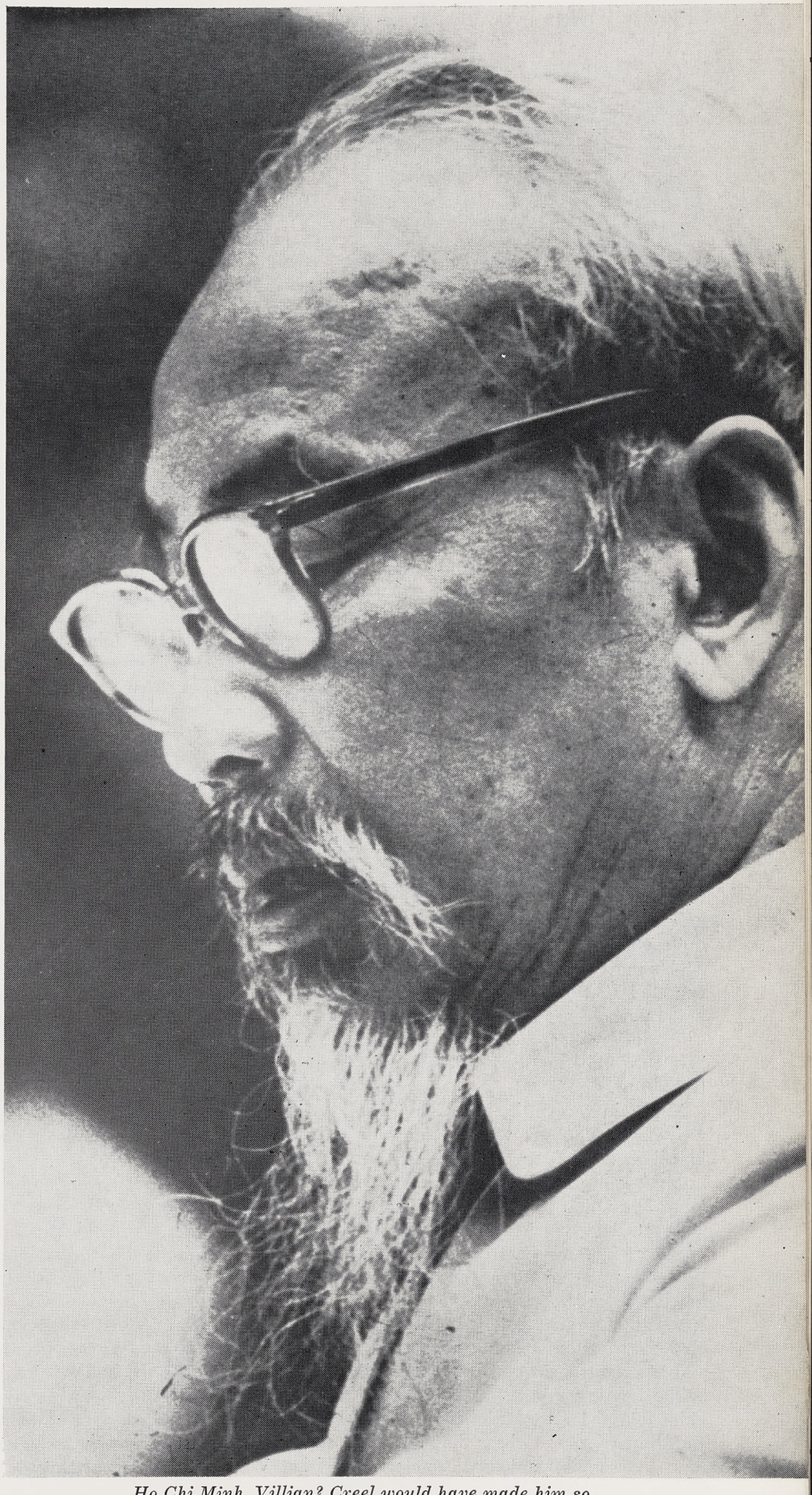
Nor, as at least was possible in the Korean conflict, can the patriotic savor the ebb and flow of front-line forces on daily war maps. As Amrom H. Katz, a RAND Corporation analyst, concluded in a paper prepared for a symposium on Southeast Asia, the once-frustrating aspects of Korea now seem nostalgically uncomplicated.

"Today," he says, "just as the men in Korea, puzzled by restraints and constraints, looked back to World War II – without enjoyment and glorification—as the 'good old days,' so, too, does the fighting man in Vietnam look back at Korea. Why? Korea had what is completely missing in Vietnam – a front line. . . . In the absence of a front line, we are left with statistics—incidents, destruction, defection, weapons lost and captured, kill-ratios. . . .

"Not all military men—on both sides —wear uniforms. . . . Identification problems add to the earlier complexities. In sum, the military part of the war in Vietnam is novel to our experience, and extremely difficult. . . . This is a truly interdisciplinary war. Military success is necessary. . . . But military success alone is insufficient."

Is it possible that the inability of the Administration to point to a villain and convincingly dramatize his menacing qualities is the single most revealing aspect of the rancorous debate over the war? For if there is no villain, why are we fighting—particularly in such a tiny, distant, devastated, backward nation? Or is it that, in a nuclear age, the pervasive conditioning of a whole populace to the notion of a single global menace is a luxury the great powers, at least, no longer can afford?

Whatever the reason, the absence of a villain in the American view of Vietnam remains one of the most curious and significant facts of the war.



Ho Chi Minh. Villian? Creel would have made him so

THE FIRST LADIES: MRS. WILSON AND MRS. JOHNSON



by Christine Sadler,
Author, "The First Ladies"

When comparing the life and times of Edith Bolling Wilson, the handsome widow who married our World War I President, to those of Claudia (Lady Bird) Johnson, the charming woman "doer" whose husband has been having problems in Vietnam, it becomes fairly obvious that one of the great contrasts between them is found in their attitudes toward women reporters.

Mrs. Wilson scarcely knew that women journalists existed—and not many did. She permitted no interviews; would not admit reporters to witness her wedding to Woodrow Wilson. The "prying press" received little help from her. When the Women's National Press Club was formed in Washington in 1919, it had only 20-odd members, including some quite vocal publicists for the Women's Rights movement, which only strengthened the First Lady's belief that women writers rarely were up to any good. The Suffragettes who picketed the White House received no sympathy from her.

Mrs. Johnson, on the other hand, has worked hard to get women "involved in all facets of American life," has urged her husband to give them more jobs. She rarely plants a tree or makes a Great Society trip without a cloud of reporters (anywhere from a handful to a hundred) in attendance. At her lunches there is always a reporter present and often the honored guests include journalists. Some 500 reporters and cameramen covered her daughter's White House wedding, a few of them hidden in the East Parlor's woodwork and drapery so as to hear the "I Do's." Mrs. Johnson has a journalism degree herself and likes women reporters.

It was not within Mrs. Wilson's nature for her to accept picketing and criticism with the grace and charity of Mrs. Johnson. One shudders to think what Mrs. Wilson would have done about—or to—Eartha Kitt at that recent White House luncheon.

On other fronts the similarities between the two First Ladies are several and striking. Both are Democrats, Southerners, soft-voiced brunettes with magnolia complexions, married to Presidents who roused violent controversy centering around war and peace, and each willing to wade through fire to help her husband.

Mrs. Johnson does more entertaining in six months than Mrs. Wilson did in her five White House years, but Mrs. Johnson copes with a guns-plus-butter era and her husband enjoys crowds around him. Mrs. Wilson faced meatless and wheatless days and her husband was a loner. Mrs. Johnson's world seems more complex and doubtlessly is; but not even a First Lady can work more than around the clock—and Mrs. Wilson was still up decoding messages for her husband at 3 a.m. when news of the "true" Armistice came through.

Not only did Mrs. Wilson serve as a code clerk who was immune to hours. She sewed ardently for the Red Cross, helped run a canteen for service men at the Union Station several afternoons a week, learned to ride a bicycle during gasless days, promoted Victory Gardens and grazed sheep on the White House lawn to aid Herbert Hoover's food and fabric efforts. The sheep were in the raised-eyebrow department. They would ruin the historic shrubbery and trees, it was claimed. So the First Lady could gloat, and did, at shearing time. Her wool netted the Red Cross almost $100,000 at auctions.

For Mrs. Wilson 1918 was the happiest White House year, the year the war ended. The worldwide acclaim that greeted Wilson's Fourteen Points, presented in January as the basis for peace, provided sweet music. "For me the burdens of war seemed lighter after that," she wrote in *My Memoir*. Before then had come the hotly-contested election of 1916, the terrible war months of 1917, and constant criticism.

Also, 1918 must have been the hottest of hot Washington summers. *My Memoir* is filled with references to temperatures above 100. The First Lady's starched uniform, complete with wrap-around apron, wilted to limp rags while she ladled soup and passed trays of sandwiches to troops bound for Europe.

Then came the Armistice, which elated her so much she paid little attention to the off-year elections which that same month lost her husband his majority in Congress. In early December, the Wilsons sailed to Europe to bring back a peace treaty. They were ten days at sea; then Paris went wild with celebrations for Wilson. Nobody much except Wilson seemed willing to sit down at the peace table. Christmas was spent with General Pershing and the American troops. Then came trips to England and Italy and Belgium: celebrations everywhere.

In a way, Mrs. Wilson ended 1918 (in Italy) facing a situation comparable to that facing Mrs. Johnson as she entered 1968. Peace was on everybody's mind but the proposals for insuring it were innumerable. Thus, 1968 started out to be Mrs. Johnson's unhappiest year as First Lady. How it ends, now that her husband has decided not to be a candidate again, no one can foretell. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that simply being wife, mother and grandmother will appeal to her more, at this time of life, than being hostess in the White House. Crowds are fond of her and so are most women reporters. Mrs. Johnson's record is not finished but, whatever happens around the world, the chances are she will rank among the best. She has tried hard, she has been resilient. And people everywhere will wish her nothing but good health and contentment.



The communists radically changed the lives of the corps of correspondents in South Vietnam. Not long ago it was possible to forget the war, if often only for brief periods, simply by staying in Saigon and enjoying it. Suddenly Saigon no longer was a haven.

The war smashed into the capital in the last days of January and it came to stay so far as the perimeter of the city was concerned. It was there day and night: the flares, the roar of planes, the sputter of helicopter gunships, the overall rattle and rumble of battle.

Saigon took on the nocturnal look of one vast tomb. Except for military and police patrols, there was almost nobody on the streets between the hours of 7 P.M. and 7 A.M. and by day there was little to relieve the general feeling of depression. Once this was a beautiful little town, at the same time French provincial and exotic oriental. Now it is overcrowded, grubby and ugly, scarred by barbed wire and barricades, some sections reduced to rubble by the fighting. It has become a city of foreboding. Victor Charlie was sticking around. There could be some frightful days ahead.

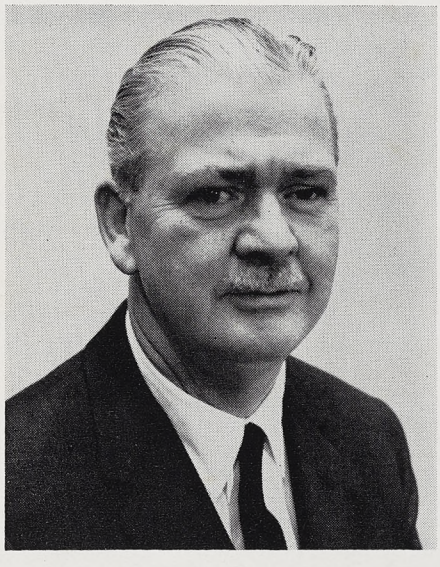
It used to be that a man had to hop a plane or a helicopter to cover the war. Now he could walk to it, remembering all the while to keep his head down. It was a new war the moment the Viet Cong hit the capital with a major invasion, and for the staff men of The Associated Press, a new way of life began.

When the curfew first was invoked, after the heavy fighting in Saigon and the attack on the U.S. Embassy, it was total—24 hours a day. It remained that way in the center of the capital for almost a week and in some areas longer, bringing with it a sudden paralysis. To say that it created problems in coverage of the war was to make one of the understatements of our time.

Four correspondents and five photographers were in our Saigon office when the VC infiltrators hit. The rest of the staff was in the field, covering the rest of the war, and there was plenty of that to cover. Also, the office had to be manned from dusk to dawn. The job of staying awake all night fell to veteran Edwin Q. White. He would rouse the others if something should develop too big for one man to handle.

Chief correspondent Robert Tuckman, Pulitzer prize winner Peter Arnett, George Esper and Barry Kramer slept on desks, the office stretcher, the lone office couch or a rubber mattress, their snores providing an obligato for White's busy typewriter.

Robert Ohman and John T. Wheeler were at Da Nang along with Rick Merron and correspondent John Lengel who was doubling as photographer. George McArthur and Lewis M. Simons were in the north on the line. In the



THIS IS WHERE THE STORY IS

by William L. Ryan, A.P.
Special Correspondent, Saigon



Ryan, above. Right, Robert Tuckerman

early morning hours of the invasion day, photo chief Horst Faas, also a Pulitzer prize winner and a legend among the troops, finished up processing a pile of pictures from the battlefronts. He had settled down at his home in the Cholon section to enjoy a quiet beer. Then the first rockets whistled in. He looked at his watch: 2:55 A.M. Fass—still not wholly recovered from wounds in both legs, mementos from a battle at Bu Dop, north of Saigon—grabbed his cane and hobbled out to the office as fast as he could.

There, in the eerie early hours of the battle of Saigon and the communist Tet (Lunar New Year) offensive, Faas began a round-the-clock grind. On hand for the photo side were John Nance, just in on the last commercial flight before the airport was closed down; Eddie Adams, just back from war action at Nha Trang; Joe Holloway, Dang Van Phuoc and Le Ngoc Cung, supported by Do Ven Vu, the darkroom technician. Photographer Al Chang, on a long-delayed holiday in his native Hawaii, caught the first available commercial flight to Guam and was hung up for days. Finally Chang caught a flight to Bangkok from Hong Kong and hitched a ride on a military plane to Saigon.

If it had been just an attack on Saigon the staff had to worry about, it would have been tough enough. But the communists had mounted a major effort: attacks on 35 major population centers.

Reports were pouring in from everywhere. Staff had to be redeployed. Hue in the north was under ferocious assault. Khe Sanh, the isolated strongpoint miles from nowhere in the northwest corner of the country, was threatened by a big North Vietnamese communist buildup. The communists were hitting hard in the Mekong Delta area. The problem: How to have staff everywhere at the same time.

That was Tuckman's baby. He had filed the first bulletin on the attack on Saigon, the beginning of what would be a running story for days. He kept the lead going for hours while Arnett poured in copy from the embattled U.S. Embassy. Ed White took over the rewrite chore then, and Tuckman went out to the spanking new Embassy—the attack-proof Embassy—to relieve Arnett. While he covered it, the chief correspondent worried about how everything else would be covered.

He could have used double the staff. As it was, photographers doubled as reporters and reporters as photographers and everyone was going full blast. In the first 24 hours, about 25,000 words poured out of our Saigon office to New York and 21 radiophotos were transmitted.

That was the beginning. From that time forward, correspondents and photographers produced a flood of word and picture copy. Arnett peeled off and went to the Delta where he described the nightmare of Ben Tre: "We had to destroy the city to save it," said a U.S. officer. McArthur took over in shattered Hue where he would be pinned down for a month, turning out vivid word pictures of the slow death of the once proud and lovely imperial capital. John Wheeler went to Khe Sanh to take over from Simons. The two were taking turns digging in with the Marines, describing the daily artillery attacks from the communists and the frightful thunder of the American B52s seeking out the Red hideouts.

In the beginning, in the heat and excitement of naked war, the coverage problems seemed to solve themselves, but the problems were not to lessen. They grew with each day. There was, for example, the ordinary, everyday problem of eating; the when and the what of it.

On the second day, Barry Kramer and Bob Tuckman went to the Embassy and bought four cases of C-rations. Thereafter, the U.S. Military sold correspondents the food stores—again C-rations: beans, frankfurters, boned chicken, or beef, with crakers and cheese or fruit cocktail for dessert, all nourishing but tending to be monotonous to the American palate. To the Vietnamese staff they were a welcome and unusual treat.

No less a problem was sleeping. The men couldn't get back at night to their apartments, scattered around the city. Fortunately for AP, Al Chang had an apartment in the same building as the office, one floor below, widely famed as "The Pineapple Suite." At times as many as eight AP staff men at the same time were bedded down in his two rooms while others grabbed catnaps on the office stretcher, or the couch.

Still another problem was getting from here to there. Under total curfew it was always dangerous and there were nervous trigger fingers around the city. AP had one driver and three vehicles, one of them a mini-jeep with almost nonexistent brakes. The safest way was to walk, ready and able to duck. Staff men tried motorbikes for a while, but the military advised against them. Americans on motorbikes could be tempting targets. Finally, the vehicles were plastered with big signs reading "Bao-Chi." For the benefit of the GIs,





Above, John Wheeler

Left, Peter Arnett with South Vietnamese troops

the English words "Associated Press News" were added in equally big letters, front and back.

The correspondent in South Vietnam has a lot to worry about besides the story itself. If he has an apartment, which most have, and cannot occupy it, he worries about looting. Some live in the Cholon area, where large sections were reduced to rubble in the Tet offensive fighting. The men in the field had no way of knowing whether their own apartments had been reduced to smoking dust.

Then there was the problem of getting in and out of Saigon. Correspondents must do it frequently, to cover other battlefronts, to leave for periods of what is called in army jargon "R and R"—rest and recreation. Incoming correspondents, unless they can grab hitches with the military, must come by commercial flights by way of Tan Son Nhut airbase, and that often is closed down by communist attack.

From the beginning of the communist Tet offensive, Tan Son Nhut was a frequent target for rocket attacks—the whooshing, powerful 122MM Soviet-made rockets which have been dealing out destruction around South Vietnam.

By coincidence the general manager of The Associated Press, Wes Gallagher, and this correspondent arrived in Saigon on the same day, within an hour of each other, and only a few hours after the civilian passenger terminal had been hit by one of those rockets. A gaping hole in the roof testified to the power of the weapon, which left one GI dead and 40 others wounded, all of them ironically on their way out of South Vietnam at their tour's end.

Staffers come in from the field, looking weary, beaten up and unkempt in their khaki fatigues and heavy combat boots, always ready and willing to go back out where the action is.

It's a tough war to cover. It's not one war but several. There are the shooting war, the political war and what the Americans here insist on calling "the other war." All of them are depressing. The news tends to be consistently and persistently bad from one end of the country to the other. This writer has been five times in Vietnam, all the way back to 1954, when the French were the ones who were learning the hard way what jungle warfare was all about. Each time in this country seems more depressing than the last. Vietnam has an abrasive effect on the nerves.

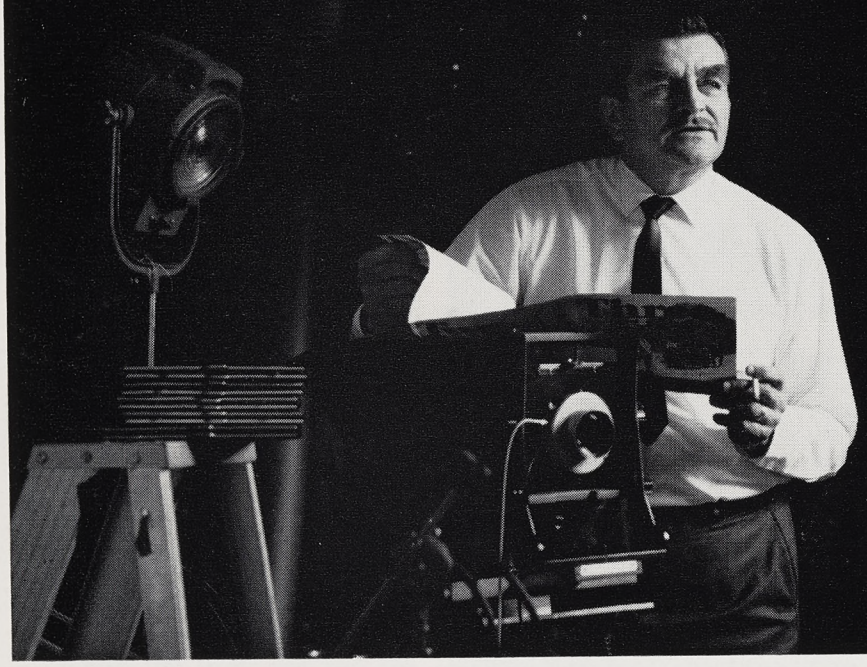
It is difficult for a correspondent on the scene to be optimistic about any aspect of this war, and difficult to keep from becoming emotionally involved. The man on the scene has the feeling that Vietnam is a place which will always defeat the foreigner, no matter who he may be. It is easy to be caught up in the natural fatalism of the Vietnamese, who, true to his Buddhist faith, can resign himself to the idea that whatever is must be, whatever happens is foreordained, whatever comes will be transitory.

Nobody here can predict how or when this war will end. Nobody enjoys the sensation that his next step may be his last. But this is where the story is, the biggest story in the world today. And this is where the best of the newsmen are.

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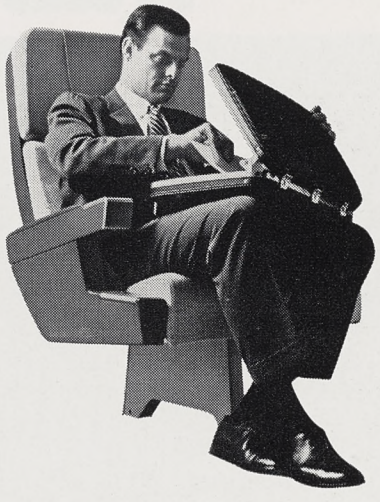
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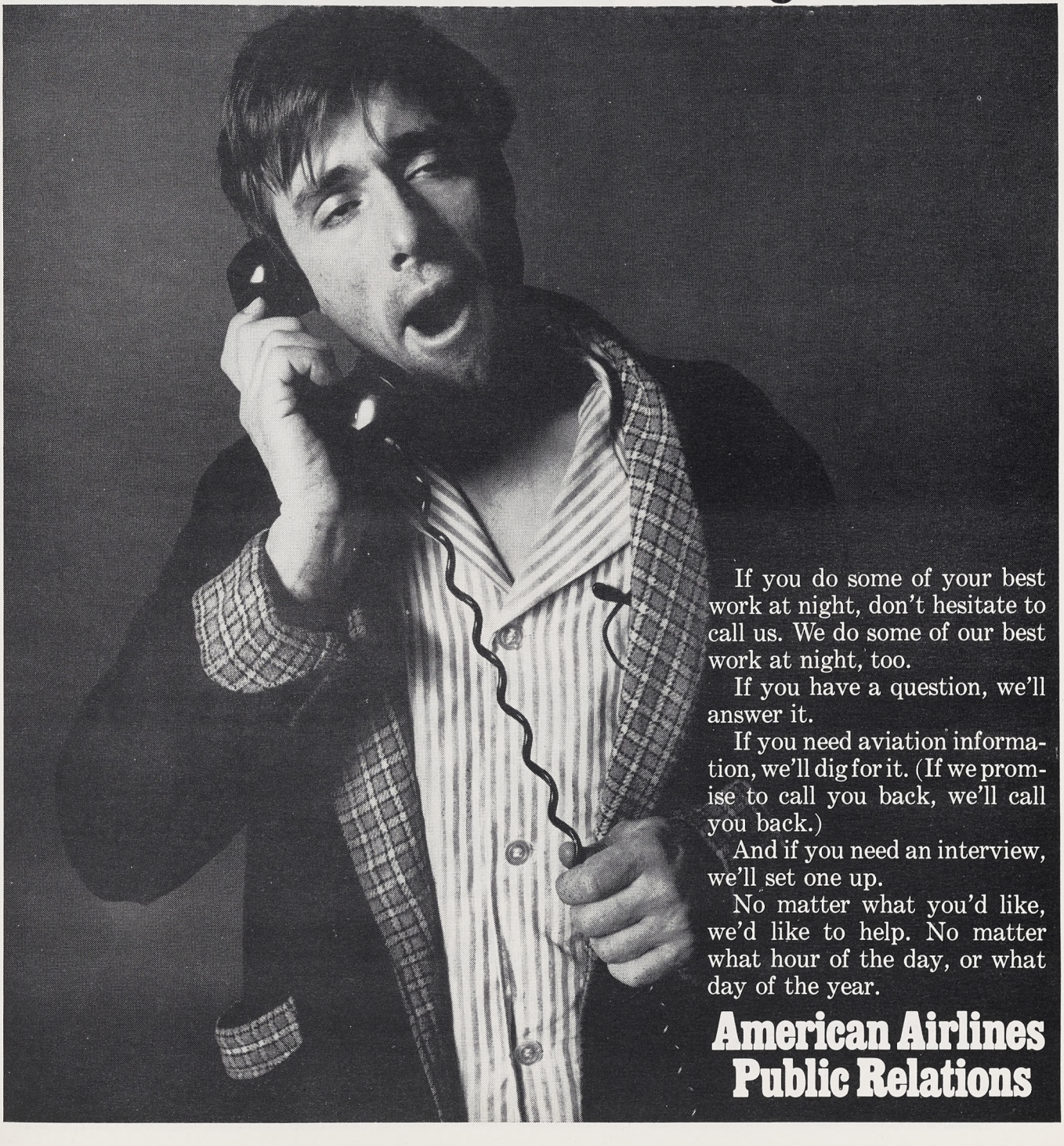
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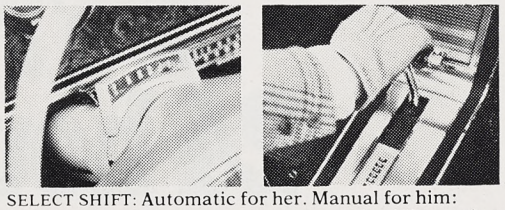
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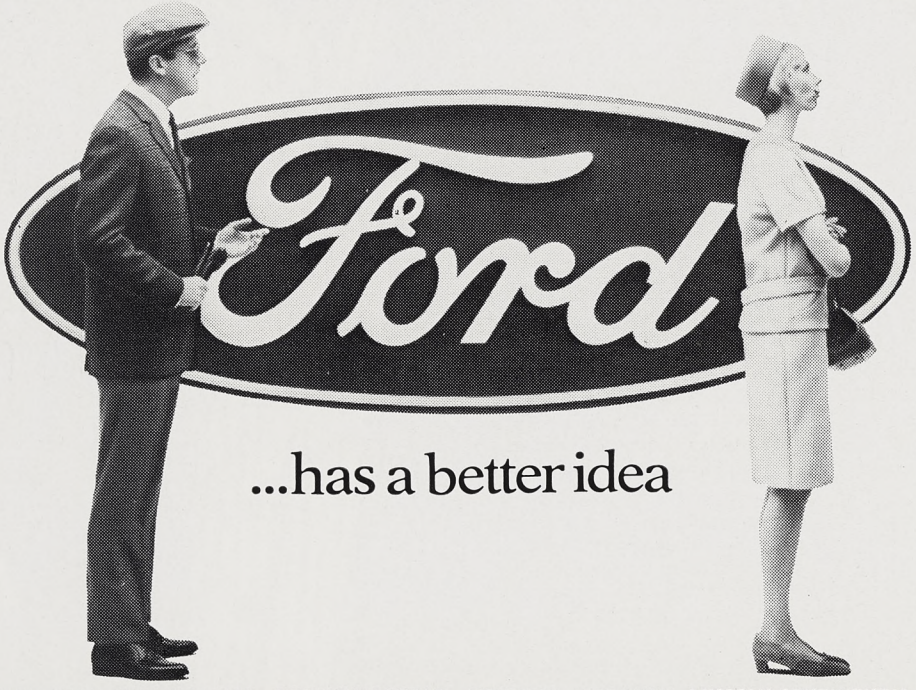
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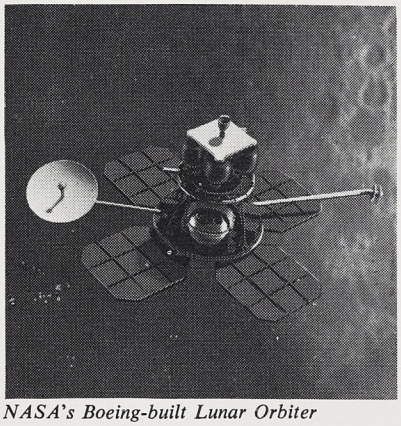


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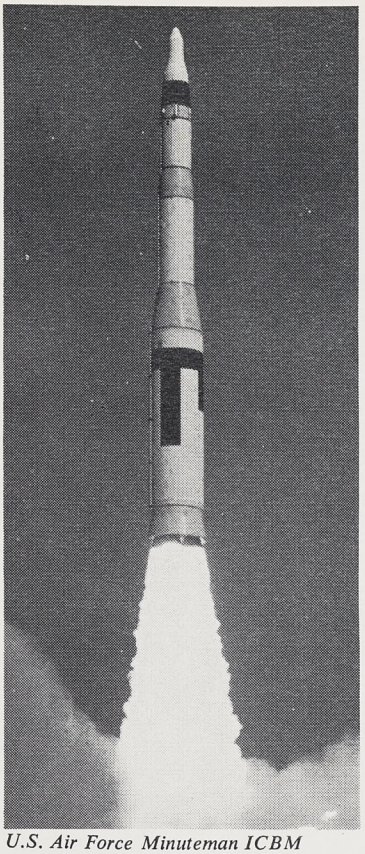
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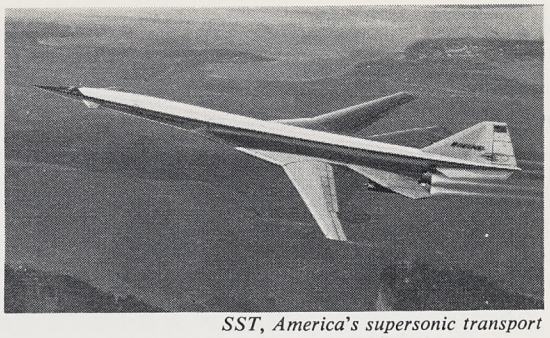
737, world's newest short-haul jet



NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter



U.S. Air Force Minuteman ICBM



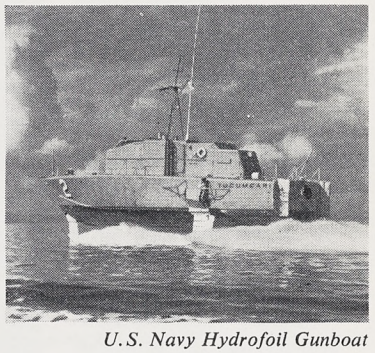
SST, America's supersonic transport



Boeing helicopter

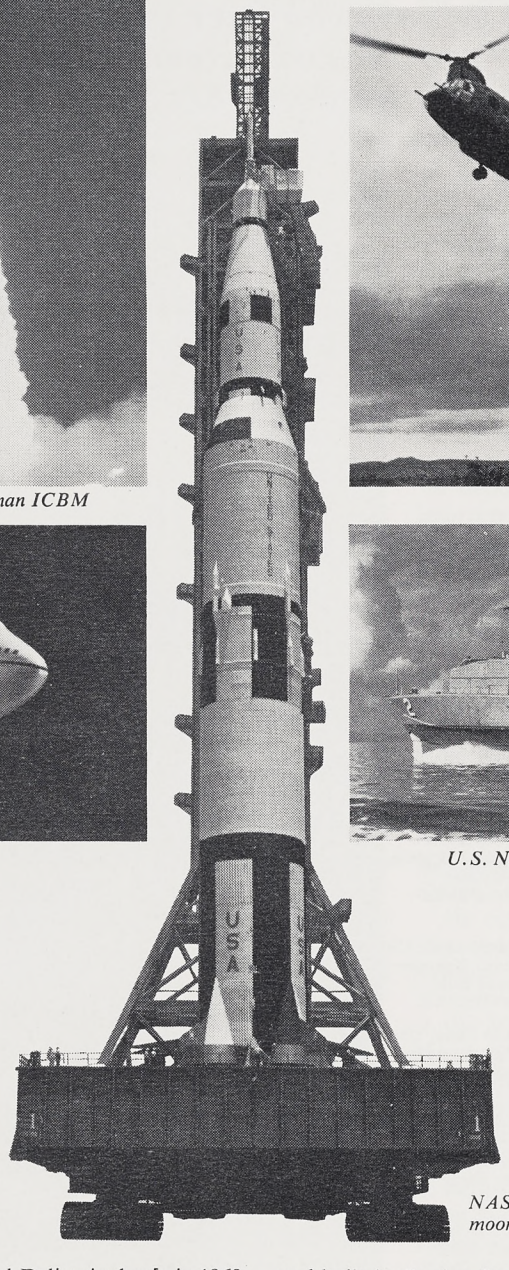


747, world's largest commercial jet



U.S. Navy Hydrofoil Gunboat

Capability has many faces at Boeing.



NASA's Apollo/Saturn V moon rocket

737 is world's newest, most-advanced short-range jetliner. When it enters service this year, it will be the first airliner to bring big-jet comfort to short-haul routes.

NASA's Boeing-built Lunar Orbiter was the first U.S. spacecraft to orbit the moon and photograph far side of moon. Orbiters have photographed thousands of square miles of the lunar surface to help NASA scientists select best landing site for Apollo astronauts.

747 superjet, the world's largest commercial jetliner, will carry from 350 to 490 passengers, and usher in new era of spaciousness and comfort in jet travel. Deliveries begin in 1969.

Minuteman is U.S. Air Force's quick-firing, solid-fuel ICBM. Boeing is weapon system integrator, responsible for assembly, test, launch control and ground support systems.

SST. Boeing won competition for U.S. supersonic transport. Sweep wing retracts for supersonic cruise, opens for landings, approaches.

Twin turbine Boeing helicopters, built by Vertol Division, are deployed to Vietnam. They serve with U.S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps.

PGH (Patrol Gunboat-Hydrofoil), designed and built by Boeing for U.S. Navy. Propulsion is by water-jet engine.

NASA's Apollo/Saturn V moon rocket, largest, most powerful in world, will launch first Americans to moon. Boeing builds first stage booster, integrates Saturn V with Apollo command, service and lunar modules, and performs systems engineering, launch and integration support for NASA on entire Saturn V system.

BOEING

OPC AWARDS – 1968
AN HONOR ROLL

For excellence in reporting, interpretation, and photography; for resourcefulness and courage and enterprise in the execution of their assignments; these awards are made to men and women who have earned the special regard and esteem of their fellows in the world of communications.

Overseas Press Club
Awards Committee, 1968

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Vice-Chairmen, Donald Coe
Richard J. H. Johnston

Executive Secretary, Mary Joe Connolly

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Class 16: Richard J. H. Johnston, Chairman
Clancy Topp
Josef C. Dine

Best daily newspaper or wire service reporting from abroad



Joe Alex Morris, Jr., Los Angeles, *Los Angeles Times,* for his coverage of the Israeli-Arab war.

Citations: The *New York Times,* for team reporting in the series "1917—The Russian Revolution—1967"; Peter Arnett, Associated Press, for "Ordeal on Hill 875" and other Vietnam stories.

Joe Alex Morris, Jr., is a second generation journalist who had roved widely and heard many a shot fired in anger before conflict erupted in June, 1967, in the Middle East, where he is the *Los Angeles Times* man in Beirut. To the OPC panel of judges, his reports on the Arab-Israeli war were vividly written, "in depth, perceptive and interpretative."

From graduation at Harvard in 1949 he went into the U.S. Army, serving in Belgium and Germany. His first newspaper work was for the *Minneapolis Tribune* and the *Hartford Times,* after which he joined United Press and later the *New York Herald Tribune,* spending ten years as a foreign correspondent before returning to the United States.

He covered the Bay of Pigs invasion for the *Herald Tribune* before moving to *Newsweek* and assignment to the Middle East, in 1963. His report on India's leadership in 1964 was a *Newsweek* cover story, and was reprinted by *Reader's Digest.*

Before leaving United Press he turned out "Deadline Every Minute," a history of the wire service's first 50 years. In trekking after top news stories from the Himalayas to Equatorial Africa he has covered uprisings and revolutions in many countries—including both sides of the civil war in Yemen.

Best daily newspaper or wire service interpretation of foreign affairs (dual award)

Michael R. McGrady, *Newsday*, for "A Dove in Vietnam.



Call Michael R. McGrady of *Newsday* a dissenter and you won't be far wrong. His series "A Dove in Vietnam," which claims one-half of the award in category 2, stemmed from his disagreements with—among others—the Johnson administration, his own newspaper's policy on the war, and John Steinbeck in a column from East Asia published in *Newsday* in April, 1967. Steinbeck had expressed puzzlement that writers could object violently to the Vietnam hostilities without having been there.

Conceding that Steinbeck had a point, however, McGrady proposed to Harry F. Guggenheim, *Newsday* president, that he be assigned to cover the war at least temporarily, "to demonstrate the paper's policy of fair play and independence." The result was his "Dove" series, which will be published in hard cover next month (May) by Funk and Wagnalls.

Now 34, McGrady has been with *Newsday* since 1962, after stints with Associated Press, the *Schenectady Union Star* and the Newspaper Enterprise Association. He was the 1965 winner of the National Headliners Award for consistently outstanding columns, for his work in *Newsday*.

A native New Yorker and graduate of Yale, he is the author of five other books, and of articles in various magazines including *Saturday Evening Post*.

As a thoroughly professional wrap-up of a complex and critical situation, R. W. Apple, Jr.'s analysis of "Vietnam: The Signs of Stalemate" in the *New York Times* brought a shared award in category 2 for a correspondent who has long teamed ability with initiative.

"Johnny" Apple, whose tour of duty in Saigon as correspondent and chief of bureau lasted from September, 1965, through January of this year, broke into reporting on the *Wall Street Journal* in 1956, after attendance at Western Reserve Academy in Hudson, Ohio, his native State.

From 1957 to 1959 he had a stretch of Army service, during which he moonlighted as a reporter for the *Newport News* (Virginia) *Daily Press*. Returning to the *Journal*, he covered varied fields and in the process learned the reportorial art of the "takeout" by dint of frequent exercise with such extended articles.

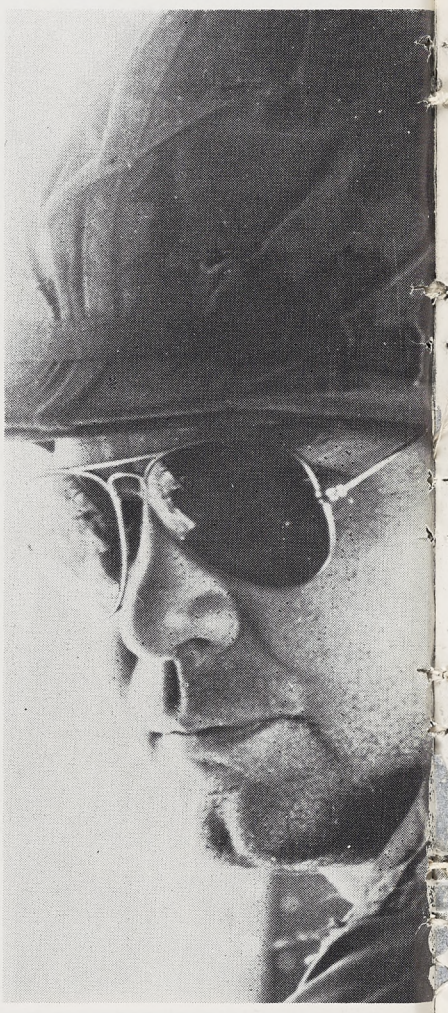
Concurrently he attended night courses at Columbia University, was graduated cum laude in 1961, and earned the John A. Krout prize as best undergraduate history student. Two years with NBC followed, as writer on the Huntley-Brinkley program and as a news man with occasional assignments abroad as well as in the southern United States.

He moved to the *New York Times* in 1963, going from general assignments to the Robert Kennedy campaign; to Albany bureau chief; and from there to Saigon. In that locale he met and married Edith Smith, a former U.S. foreign service officer, in October, 1966.

Last January he was a winner of a George Polk Memorial Award from Long Island University, for foreign reporting. At present he is again a Manhattan resident, assigned by the *New York Times* to cover the national political campaign, chiefly responsible for news about Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Citations: Mark W. Hopkins, *Milwaukee Journal*, for "USSR: 50 Years"; and John C. Cooley and Bertram B. Johansson, *Christian Science Monitor*, for "Soviet Hand in the Mideast."

R. W. Apple, Jr., *New York Times*, for "Vietnam: The Signs of Stalemate."



Best daily newspaper or wire service photographic reporting from abroad

Peter Skingley, United Press International, for "Move to the Rear" and "Line of Arab Defeat" in the Israel-Arab war.

Citations: Catherine Leroy, freelance for Associated Press, for picture sequence "Beyond Help" in Vietnam; John Schneider, Associated Press stringer-photographer, for "The Fury of Con Thien"; Henry Herr Gill, *Chicago Daily News*, for his album of photo coverage from various trouble spots in 1967; Henri Huet and Horst Faas, Associated Press, for Vietnam coverage.

London-born Peter Skingley got his start in the fabled precincts of Fleet Street in 1944, when he was only 14 and the second world war had not yet ended. He has followed a logical course, always associated with photography, from the early days when he trotted from one newspaper office to another, delivering prints from *Planet News* (which was taken over in 1952 by United Press).

His next stint was as darkroom assistant. From there he went into the Royal Air Force (1948-1950), as a photographer. In civies once more, he returned to UPI as a full-fledged camera man, and to numerous assignments both on his native heath, and in Africa and the Middle East.

In 1951, with his collection of trophies for his work already immpressive, he emerged in Britain as photographer of the year. At the World Press Photo competition in The Hague in December, 1967, he won first and third prizes in the "spot news" category, with two of his views of the Israeli-Arab war. One of the two also tied for second place in the artistic (pictorial) category.

He has only recently returned from a two-week assignment in Israel—a sequel to his coverage last June.





Best magazine or book photographic reporting or interpretation from abroad

Lee Lockwood, affiliated with Black Star Publishing, New York, for his book *Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel* (Macmillan); for "Cuba, 1967" in *Look*, and for "North Vietnam Under Siege" in *Life*.

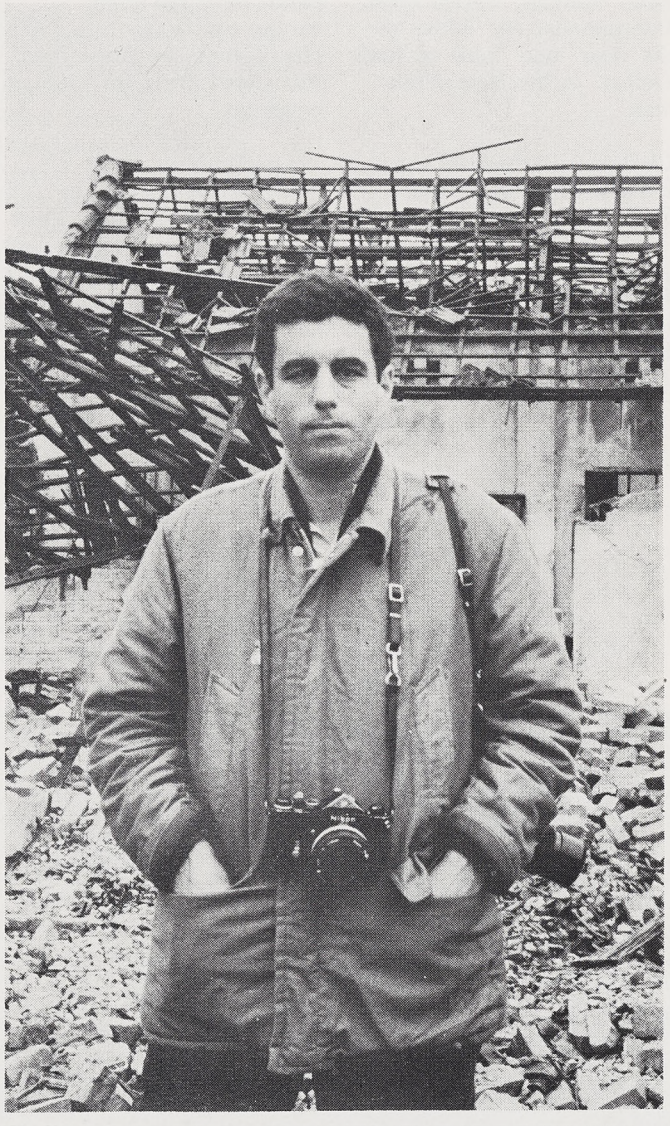
Citation: Burt Glinn, Magnum Photos, for his book *A Portrait of All the Russias*, text by Laurens Van Der Post (William Morrow & Company); William H. Strode, *Louisville Courier-Journal & Times Sunday Magazine*, for his one-man edition "Vietnam Closeup"; *Life*, for "Israel's Swift Victory," a special issue on the Israeli-Arab war.

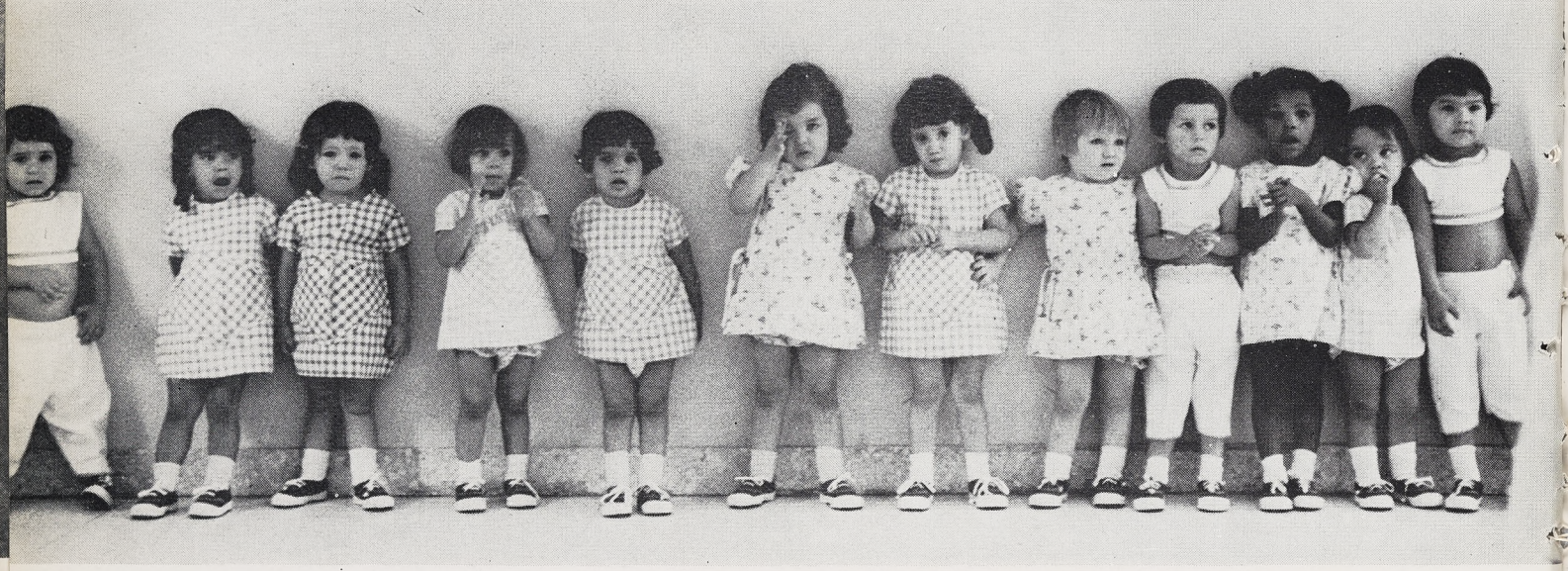
Versatility with camera and typewriter has been demonstrated strikingly by Lee Lockwood in the book *Castro's Cuba; Cuba's Fidel.*" But the OPC panel scrutinizing the entries in category 4 was not content to hand him their accolade on that ground alone.

His feature in *Look* on "Cuba, 1967," and another in *Life*, on "North Vietnam Under Siege," were labeled as integral factors in the decision that selected him as "combining all the requirements" for the best photographic reporting in a magazine or book."

Lee Lockwood is one of those rarities, a native of New York, where he was born in 1932. A product of Yale and Boston universities, with graduate work at Columbia University, he is a former editor of *Contemporary Photographer Quarterly* and Rockefeller artist-in-residence in educational television at WGBH-TV in Boston.

At present he is working on a book on the late Che Guevara for Random House, and has contributed picture-stories to various publications, including the *Saturday Evening Post, Esquire, Ramparts, Paris Match, Der Stern, London Observer, London Sunday Times.*





Don North, ABC, for Vietnam coverage.

Citation: Morley Safer, CBS, for "Debriefing: Morley Safer's Red China."

"Don North is very hard on tape recorders," the ABC bureau chief in Saigon once cabled to the network's New York headquarters, about the correspondent tapped by by a jury of his peers as the award winner in category 5. Contemplating his exploits to date and the dedication he exhibits toward this prime tool of his reportage from anywhere and everywhere—he frequently carries two recorders into the field, just in case—it is not difficult to understand why.

For a youngish man, he has covered much territory and plenty of action. Since joining ABC two years ago he has spent most of his time in Vietnam, carrying out more than 100 assignments from the Saigon bureau. Of these, dozens were combat missions, during which he got close to the action to record the sights, sounds, and impressions for which the judges sent him to the head of the class.

Canadian born, Don North began in television 10 years ago with the Canadian Broadcasting Company (CBC), in Vancouver. Thereafter he plied his trades of radio, television and newspaper correspondent in far corners of the world, from Cuba to India. In Hong Kong he worked for the *China Mail* and covered the guerilla war in Borneo. In India he freelanced, and taught English to Tibetans. In Cuba, which he managed to worm into somehow during the missile crisis, he was apprehended and spent a week in the pokey.

His next adventures are anybody's guess. They may be east, west, south, or even north.



Best radio interpretation of foreign affairs



James Robinson and Welles Hangen, NBC, for "Red China: Struggle for Power."

Citation: Alexander Kendrick, CBS, for "Dimension: Alexander Kendrick."



Welles Hangen, a later comer to the Asian region, has been established in Hong Kong since August, 1966, with eyes and ears trained on the colony's nearest neighbor. Before taking up his present assignment he spent a year at Columbia University on a fellowship from the Council on Foreign Relations, in intensive study of the Chinese language and of Far Eastern politics. At present he has wedged himself firmly into the inner circle of knowledgeable China-watchers.

As a prelude and an aid to his grasp of Chinese affairs, he has had years in West Germany, India and the Middle East for NBC News, and earlier, others in Moscow, Turkey and Germany, for the *New York Times.* His book *The Muted Revolution—East Germany's Challenge to Russia and the West,* made him an OPC Award winner last year—which may be why the face is familiar.

Between them, James Robinson and Welles Hangen have mustered 33 years as foreign correspondents, which helps to explain the excellence attributed to their NBC documentary on "Red China: Struggle for Power," adjudged best in category 6.

Robinson, who came to NBC as Tokyo bureau chief in 1952, has covered the Far East from Korea to Vietnam to mainland China in pre-Communist days. Before turning to journalism, he was a teacher at Tsinghua University in Peking.

Best TV reporting from abroad (Posthumous)

Ted Yates, NBC, for "The Battle for Asia—Laos and Indonesia."

Citation: James Fleming, producer ABC News, for "Africa."

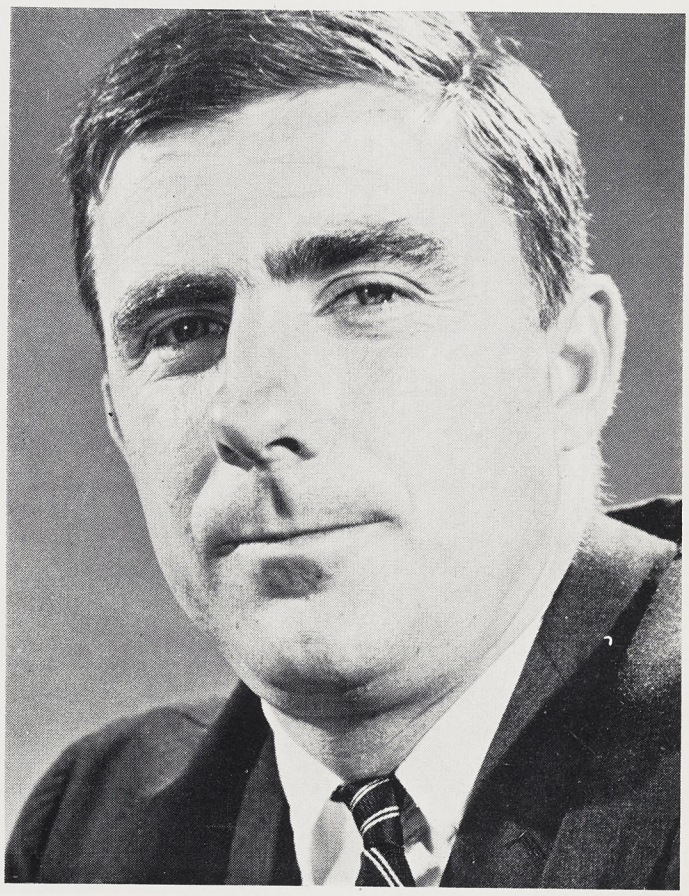
Ted Yates, a casualty of the Arab-Israeli war on June 6, 1967, had a facility for infusing each documentary he completed for NBC with a quality peculiarly his own. The realism was often harsh, sometimes ironic, never contrived.

In 1966 the OPC named him recipient of the Ed Stout award for best reporting on Latin America, on the basis of his feature on the civil war in the Dominican Republic, made, as was noted then, while he and his cameramen and crew were "being shot at by friends on both sides."

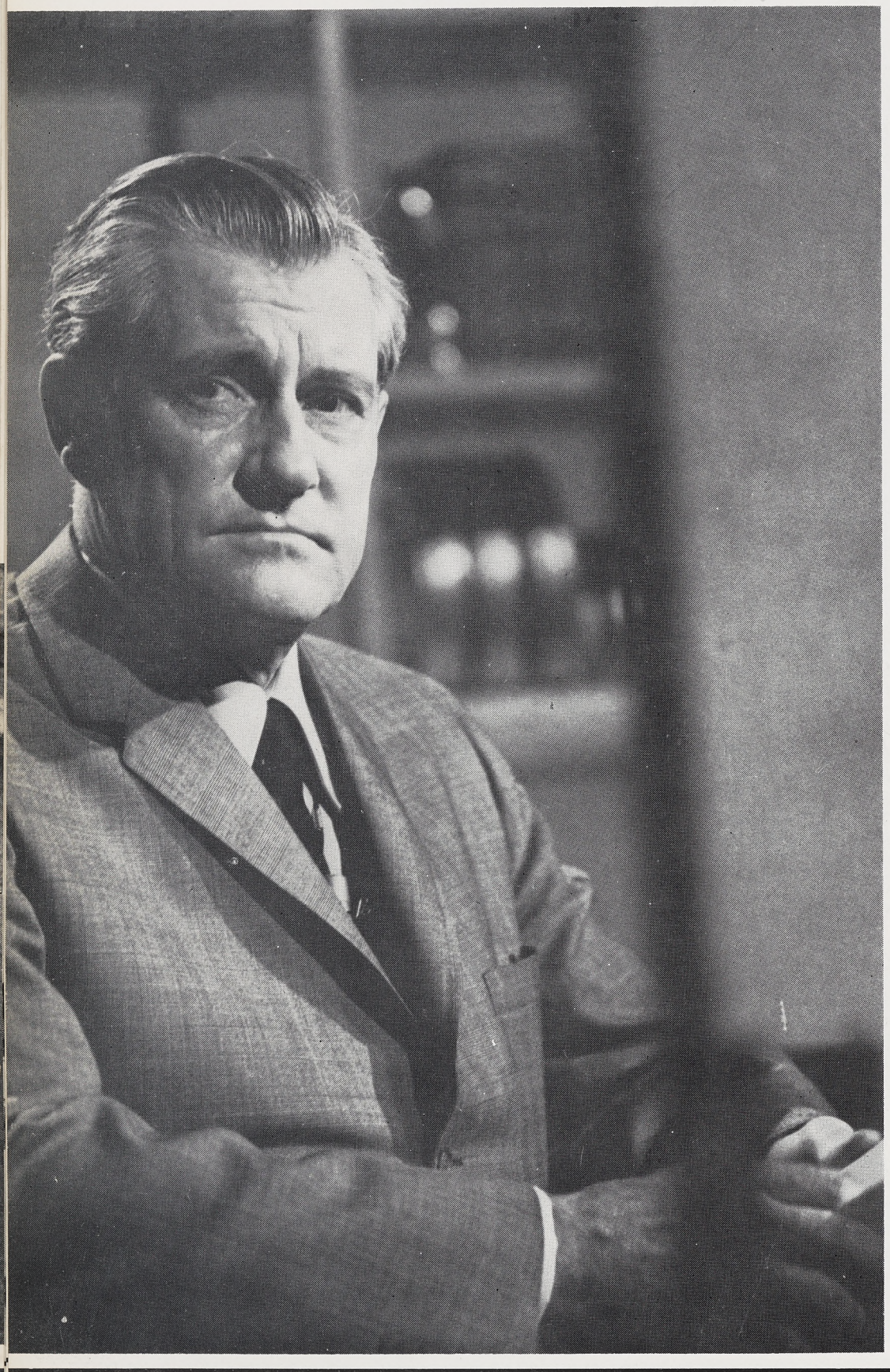
He had gone to Israel from Asia, where he had shot the two graphic programs, "Indonesia: The Troubled Victory" and "Laos: The Forgotten War," with his co-workers Robert Rogers, associate producer, and Julian Townsend, cameraman. For these programs Ted Yates was judged this year's winner for the best television reporting from abroad.

Yates was born in Sheridan, Wyoming; was an alumnus of the University of Virginia, and had been in television practically from its infancy, starting with the Dumont TV Network in 1949. In the intervening years his productions had been honored with most of the major awards given for television news programs.

The loss of a man like Ted Yates is a grievous one for family, friends, and news associates. He will be remembered for what he did. He will be missed for what more he would have done.



Best TV interpretation of foreign affairs



Eric Sevareid, CBS, for commentaries on Evening News programs with Walter Cronkite.

Citation: James Fleming, producer ABC News, for "Africa," a citation in addition to that for TV reporting from abroad.

Eric Sevareid, internationally acclaimed for his adroitness with the pungent, often poignant phrase, is back for the second consecutive year on the list of OPC Award recipients.

This time he is given the salute in category 8, for his week-night commentaries on the television news program of CBS headed by Walter Cronkite, on topics as far-ranging as the unpredictability of baseball scores, and the profundities of the international monetary system under onslaught by speculators in gold. Poker-faced whatever his mood of the moment, from frivolity to solemnity, he is an oracle for millions of auditors to whom his reasoned, articulate opinions constitute a caress to the ear, regardless of their content.

A year ago Eric Sevareid was as easily distinguished, for excellence in the written rather than the spoken word. He took the OPC title for the best magazine interpretation of foreign affairs with his interview in *Look* with Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Fulbright, on "Why our Foreign Policy Is Failing."

Television's gain was the newspaper field's loss when the one-time cub reporter on the *Minneapolis Journal* traded his ball-point pen for a tape recorder. In the intervening years, a plethora of distinctions from various media testifies to the keenness of his news sense, and to his expertise in projecting it to the looking and listening world.

Best magazine reporting from abroad

Linda Grant Martin, *New York Times Sunday Magazine,* for her article "The 37-Year War of the Village of Tan An Hoi."

Citations: Jack Smith, *Saturday Evening Post,* for "Death in the Ia Drang Valley"; *Look* for the special issue on Soviet Russia, with special mention to Leonard Gross (editorial and article); and *Newsweek* for Israel-Arab war coverage in the June 5th, 12th and 19th issues, with special mention to Kenneth Auchincloss, correlator for reporting team.

Linda Grant Martin wrote "The Story of the 37-year War of the Village of Tan An Hoi" (Vietnam) on assignment for the *New York Times Sunday Magazine.* To the OPC panel judging category 9, it was a top reporting job "in writing, organization of material, continuity, impact and feeling." To its author it has become a bittersweet memory because of the tragedy it foreshadowed.

Tan An Hoi typified the villages she had known, where the pacification program had failed dismally; where the Communists moved back in, the day after the anti-Communist teams moved out, labeling them "secure" after months of effort.

"When the Viet Cong launched the Tet offensive," Linda recalled, "I read the story again and found it was all there—the signs that it was coming, as all of us in Vietnam could see it would."

From her first visit to the community, she was challenged as a CIA agent by the aloof and suspicious villagers. (Not illogically! Still in her middle twenties, she is slender, blue-eyed, blonde and beautiful.) Her credentials as a journalist convinced few, and by her eighth visit most doors were closed against her. She told it as it was.

After obtaining her degree in journalism from Northwestern University, Linda's first job was as associate copy editor for the *Saturday Evening Post,* in New York. Later, as a researcher for *Newsweek,* she met and was married to Everett G. Martin, chief of the magazine's Saigon bureau, in 1965. From there, as a free lance, she wrote articles for various periodicals.

In January, 1968, resentful about *Newsweek's* attitude toward the war, the Government of South Vietnam requested the Martins to make their exit within seven days. They were on leave in the United States until April 1, when they resettled in Hong Kong, from where they will continue to report on Vietnam developments.



Best magazine interpretation of foreign affairs



Frances FitzGerald, *Atlantic Monthly,* for "The Struggle and the War" (Vietnam).

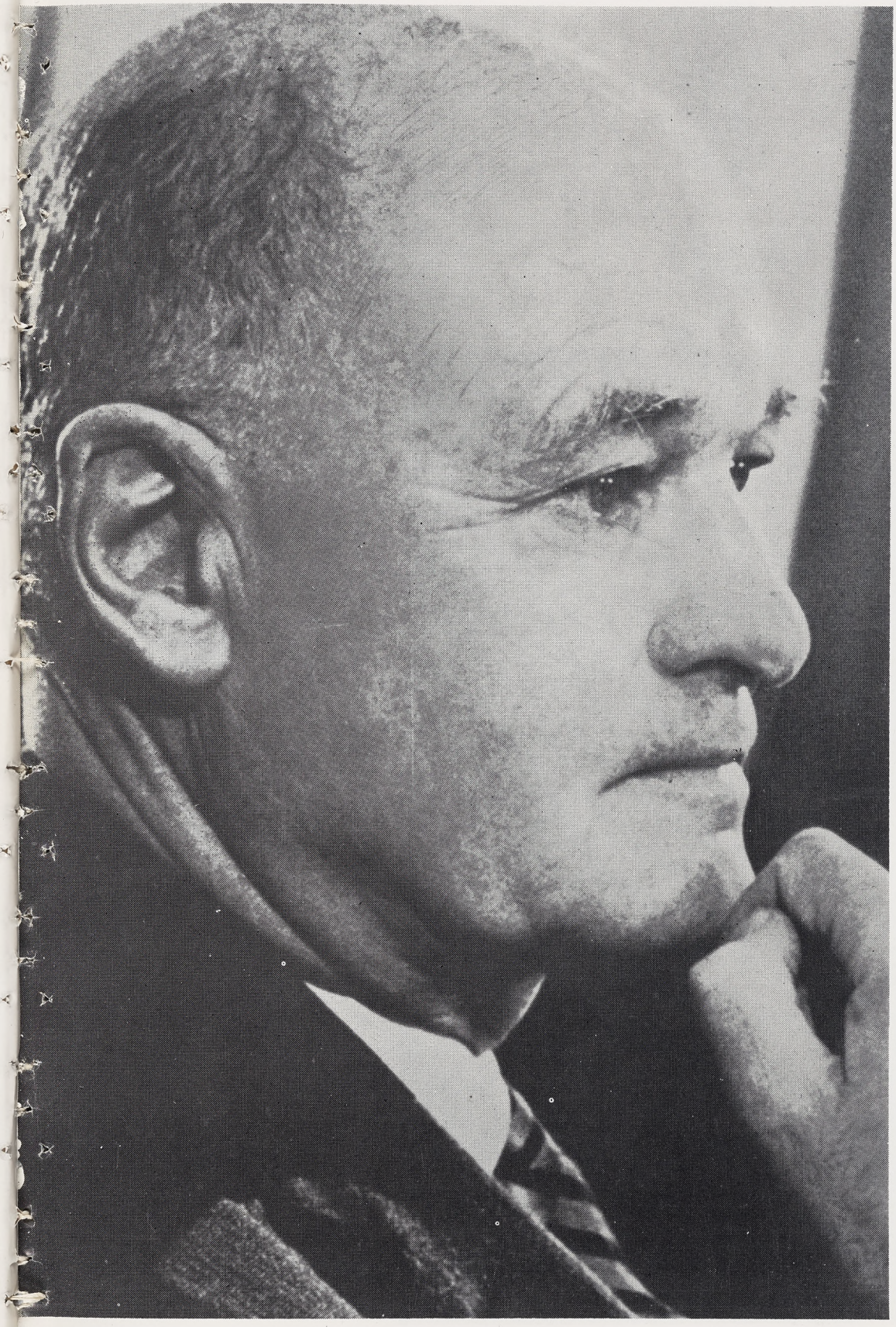
Citation: Charles Thayer in *Look* for "The American Era Ends in Germany."

For 10 months in Vietnam last year, Frances FitzGerald, a 1962 Radcliffe graduate with a degree in the history of the Middle East, contemplated the people and their problems from the point of view of their religious, philosophical and civil backgrounds as related to the hostilities in which they are enmeshed. One of the resulting articles she produced, published in *Atlantic Monthly* as "The Struggle and the War; the Maze of Vietnamese Politics," topped scores of other entries in category 10 by unanimous vote of a quartet of present and former magazine editors. Unlikely as it seemed from her scholarly presentation, the judges discovered later that she is only 27 years old.

"Frankie" FitzGerald is one of those human paradoxes, a beauty with brains. She combines an active social career with industrious free-lancing begun soon after college, with contributions to the *New York Magazine* of the late lamented *Herald-Tribune.* She is confident enough to lecture at The New School on "The Writer in an Age of Violence," and has completed a book on Vietnam, due for publication next month.

Her background helps to explain her ascent in her preferred career. She is the daughter of Mrs. Marietta Tree, a Democratic teammate of Adlai Stevenson on the U.S. Delegation to the United Nations, and the late Desmond FitzGerald, a Republican lawyer who at his death was Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. She is a scion of a Boston Brahman family, whose maternal grandmother, Mrs. Malcolm E. Peabody, at the age of 72 went to jail in Florida, for her part in a civil rights demonstration.

Best book on foreign affairs



George F. Kennan, for *Memoirs 1925-1950* (Little, Brown & Co.)

Citation: William Attwood for *The Reds and the Blacks* (Harper & Row).

George F. Kennan's *Memoirs 1925-1950* met formidable competition in category 11 as the best book on foreign affairs. The volume presented a distinctive combination—international events of recent history recalled, details of happenings of moment behind closed doors, and analysis by a diplomat whose service to his country is beyond question.

Mr. Kennan, no stranger to the OPC, is a Milwaukeean who joined the United States Foreign Service in 1925 at the age of 21. His tours of duty placed him in one after another of the troubled capitals of Europe during tense months before and during the second world war. His writings and his recollections reflect the color of those periods, as only one closest to them could relate them.

After his formal retirement in 1953, at the close of a year as Ambassador in Moscow, he went to the Institute for Advanced Studies in Princeton; taught there and at the University of Chicago, and was a visiting professor at Oxford in 1957-1958. From 1961 to 1963 he came out of retirement to serve as United States Ambassador to Yugoslavia, then bowed out once more.

His various books on diplomacy and foreign policy have amassed for him a notable collection of awards. He has been a careful observer and a shrewd assayist of men and of situations, capable of presenting expressive word portraits throughout his extensively documented chronicles.

Vision Magazine-Ed Stout award for the best article or report (any medium) on Latin America

Laura Bergquist, *Look,* for series on "Cuba."

Citation: Richard Gott, *The Nation,* for "Report from Bolivia: Guevara, Debray and the CIA."



Laura Bergquist, former *Look* senior editor and still a frequent contributor to that publication, first trained her microscope and her trenchant reportorial talent on Cuba a decade ago, garnering a series of laurels in the interim. She has known the country from the outside in and from the inside out, even from the inside of a jail into which she was tossed by Castro's militia for 19 hours in 1960. Her account then, entitled "Our Woman in Havana," was recognized by the OPC with a 1961 citation in the category of best reporting on Latin America.

Following the 1962 missile crisis, she managed to spend 28 days in the country, emerging to write articles that earned her triple honors. Two were conferred by the OPC—one for the best magazine reporting of the year, the other the Ed Stout award for the best report on Latin America—making her the third individual to win dual recognition from the OPC in one year (1963). The Newspaper Guild Page One Award for best reporting completed her trio.

Currently she is lauded by the OPC judges for a 14-page article on her latest trip to the island, incorporating "penetrating impressions of Cuba playing host to a world gathering of revolutionaries, and her own face-to-face confrontation with Castro."

F. W. Fairchild award for best business news reporting (any medium) from abroad



Ray Vicker, *Wall Street Journal*, for the series on the devaluation of the British pound.

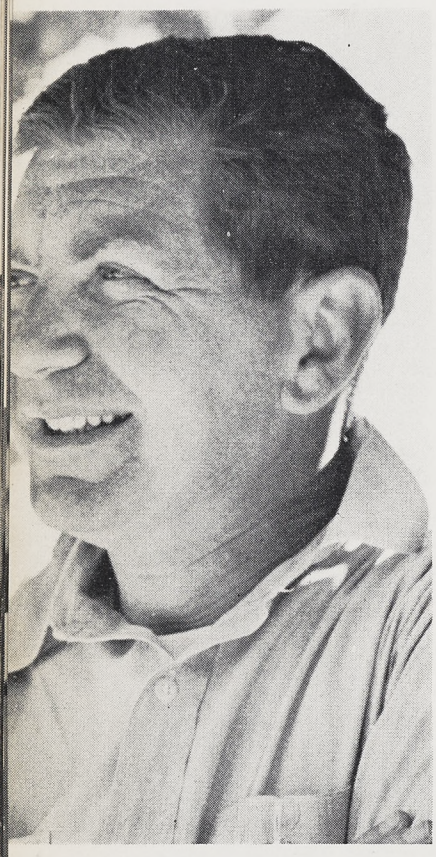
The unmistakable touch of the pro that characterized Ray Vicker's lucid and detailed series in the *Wall Street Journal* on devaluation of the British pound made him a repeater this year for the E. W. Fairchild Award. He captured it first in 1963, and followed with an honorable mention in the same category in 1965. Established in 1958 as a tribute to the best business news reporting from abroad, it carries an honorarium of $500.

Ray Vicker long ago qualified as an authority on developments in the economic sphere, by virtue of the length and scope of his background. He had preliminary experience as a youthful reporter on his home-town paper, the *St. Point* (Wisconsin) *Journal*, where he "covered everything from obits to police reporting for $60 a month for a 10-hour day." But since 1946, when he emigrated to the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, he has, in a sense, made business his business.

The Chicago paper was purchased by the *Wall Street Journal* in 1951, and until 1959 Ray remained with it, becoming a news editor in 1958. The next year he was transferred to New York, and in 1960 to London, from which and since when he has functioned as news editor in charge of European coverage for the *Wall Street Journal*.

While attending college—in St. Point, Los Angeles and at Northwestern—he freelanced and roamed widely and profitably, working at an assortment of jobs from cotton-picker to jackhammer operator. In world war two he served with the Merchant Marine.

The Asia Magazine award for the best article or report (any medium) on Asia



Horace Sutton, *Saturday Review,* for "Indonesia's Night of Terror."

Citations: A. Doak Barnett for his book *Cadres, Bureaucracy, and Political Power in Communist China* (Columbia University Press); Denis Warner, *The Reporter,* for his present and past coverage of Asia.

He is one of the most prolific of writers and has specialized on travel—approximately 100,000 miles a year—on all continents. He has seven books in print, and another in work. But Horace Sutton has been honored in category 14 for a different type of journalism—what the judges proclaimed as "a superb job of analytical reporting," his *Saturday Review* article on "Indonesia's Night of Terror." Sponsored by *The Asia Magazine,* the competition is intended to stimulate more and finer reporting on and about that area. A check for $500 accompanies the award.

The *New York Sun* and *New York Post* were Horace Sutton's initial introduction to the news world, after he emerged from the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University, in 1938. His facility with words and his penchant for far places began to blend into one of the pleasanter forms of careers about 1947, when he originated the travel section in *Saturday Review.* By 1961 he was associate editor of that magazine.

Eventually, through a weekly travel column, "Of All Places," distributed through the Hall Syndicate, he was reaching more than 10 million readers with his alluring accounts of the wonders to be glimpsed in areas with exotic names, and the colorful characters to be encountered. His report on Indonesia is adequate demonstration that his observations have been considerably more than superficial, as he roams. As of recent date he has become less mobile, being once more established in New York in a triple post as Associate Editor of *Saturday Review;* Associate Editor of *McCall's,* and syndicated newspaper columnist. It is unlikely, however that Sutton's travel days are at an end.

Robert Capa gold medal award for superlative still photography requiring courage and enterprise abroad





David Douglas Duncan, for his *Life* feature (photos and text) "Inside the Cone of Fire—Con Thien, Vietnam."

Citation (posthumous): Paul Schutzer, *Life*, for his final photo coverage of the Israeli-Arab war, where he lost his life.

David Douglas Duncan has come perilously close to becoming a legend in his own lifetime, especially to his fellow photographers. The contribution to *Life* of the pages of stark, magnificent scenes that comprise "Inside the Cone of Fire—Con Thien," brings him the Robert Capa gold medal.

This particularly prized trophy of the OPC was given, the judges made emphatic, not only for "superlative photography" combined with courage, that is the basis for bestowal; but also for his faculty for injecting into these pictures something of his own emotions, in the act of clicking his shutter. He has, they pointed out, succeeded in drawing the viewer in, along with himself and his subjects.

It was another war—in Korea—that first put Duncan's name on the OPC Award list, in 1950 and again in 1952. In the years that have passed since then he had focused his lens on beauty instead of ugliness: on the art of Picasso, the grandeur of landscapes, the crown jewels of Russia, the wondering faces of children. But 17-year-old memories of American troops under fire, of Marines he had known and of sights he had seen, routed him last Spring from his home in southern France to ask *Life* and ABC News—which also televised his photographs—for an assignment in Vietnam. He got it.

His pictures speak for him, as does the text he supplied for them.

OPC George Polk Memorial award for best reporting (any medium) requiring exceptional courage and enterprise abroad

Eric Pace, *New York Times,* for his coverage of developments in Cairo, after expulsion of most foreign correspondents following the Arab defeat in June 1967.

Eric Pace of the *New York Times* merited the OPC George Polk Memorial Award for 1967, the judges decided unanimously, for an episode that particularly fitted the tradition associated with the namesake of the award. In brief, he worked as a "loner," and so intent on his objective as to be next to oblivious to other things happening around him.

In the wake of the Arab defeat in the Mid-east war last June, American and other foreign correspondents were expelled en masse from Cairo. Pace, who had received identical warnings and instructions, neither defied them nor followed them. He simply went ahead gathering and filing the news as he had previously, openly but practically always on the move.



For three days after all of his American associates had left, he continued to report on events in Cairo and to get off his cables, without being apprehended, expanding appreciably the volume of information available to the West on what was happening in Nasser's capital in that important and historic period.

After his seizure and expulsion, no blackout on developments followed, although cessation of his reports left a definite gap. He had from the outbreak of hostilities managed by one device or another to circumvent the censors, sometimes by placing a series of calls to *Times* correspondents all over Europe, and dictating in note form until he was discovered and cut off. These fragments were pieced together into finished stories, like the sections of a jigsaw puzzle.

From Cairo, on June 14, he went to Beirut, where he was based until last October, when the Egyptians once more allowed him to return.

A native New Yorker, Eric Pace got part of his education in West Germany, in the American school at Augsburg during the occupation, while his father was serving with the Counter-Intelligence Corps. He entered Yale at the age of 16, and was graduated magna cum laude in 1957 with a B.A. in history.

He has been a *New York Times* man since 1965, with earlier experience on the *San Angelo* (Texas) *Standard-Times,* where he won a Texas A.P. Managing Editors' Association prize for feature writing.

He served in the *Times* bureau in Saigon from June to October, 1966, and was assigned to Cairo from there.

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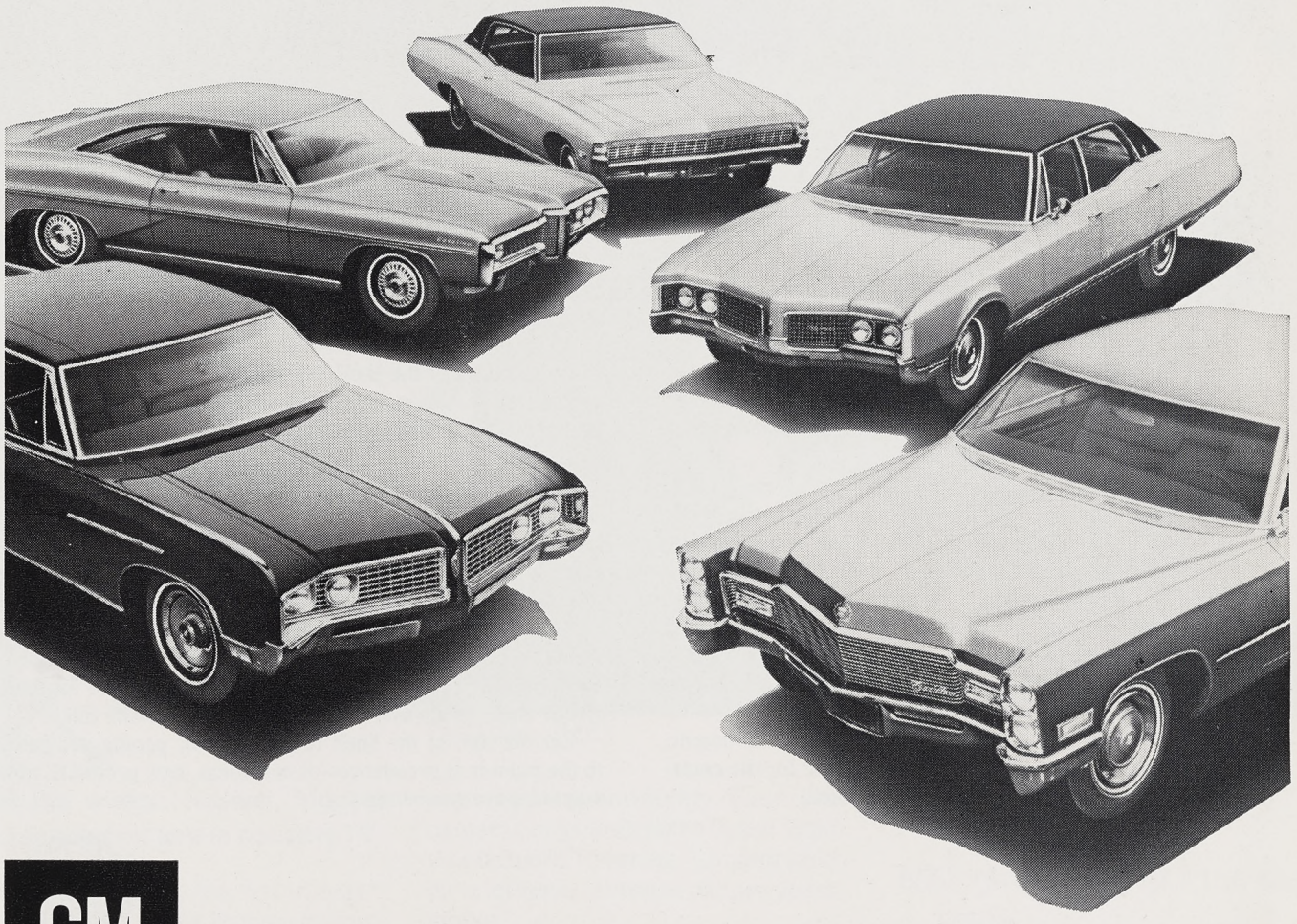
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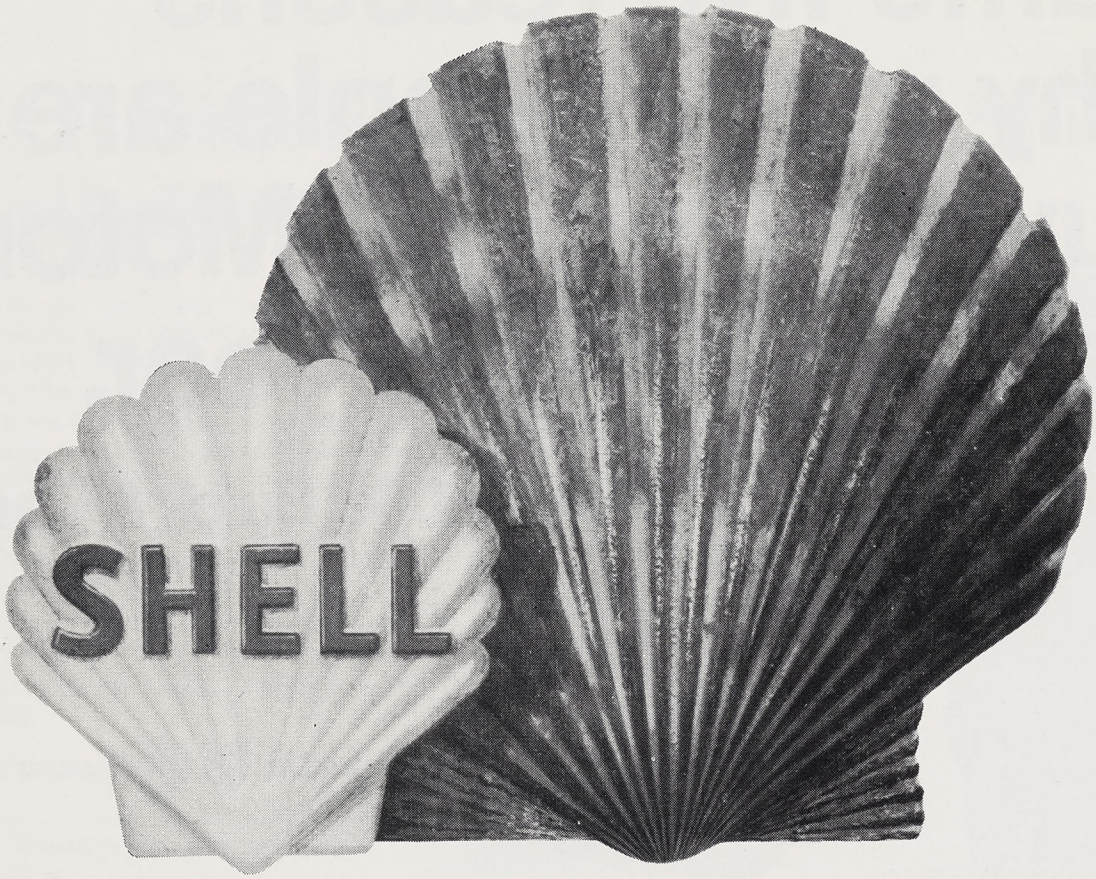
Name five reasons why more people are buying General Motors cars again this year.

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick & Cadillac



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How a Scallop Shell became a world-famous trademark

Seashells carried halfway around the world—from an ocean floor in the Orient to Marcus Samuel's curio shop near the London docks—started a chain of events that created one of today's best-known trademarks.

Returning sailors sold their seashells to the curio shop owner. Used on ornamental boxes and trinkets, the shells found favor in mid-Victorian eyes, and the merchant imported thousands upon thousands of shells.

Later, the sons of Marcus Samuel gave this Far Eastern trade a new dimension by shipping the first bulk cargo of kerosene through the Suez Canal. When a company was later formed to engage in the oil business, the scallop shell became its trademark.

Perhaps Samuel's sons chose the shell out of sentiment. Yet their choice proved to be most appropriate for the enterprise that was to become the Shell companies.

Since antiquity the shell has symbolized the sea, the voyage, the quest. Venus, born of the sea, was identified with the shell. It was the badge of pilgrims to the shrine of St. James, and of Holy Land Crusaders.

Today, as name and trademark of the Shell companies, the shell continues to signify the quest. Shell men seek oil in forests, deserts, and under the ocean floor. Then the quest goes on in Shell laboratories where research people seek new products from petroleum.

Examples: man-made rubber, the first to duplicate tree-grown rubber. New fertilizing methods to increase farm and orchard yields. Tougher adhesives that replace airplane rivets. And, as always, finer gasolines and motor oils.

Let the sign of the Shell remind you of people dedicated to the pursuit of excellence—of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better.

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DIAG





(ACTUAL SIZE)

Above: *The Regis,* 21″ diagonal Super Screen portable TV. Model Y2224.

See the widest, highest, biggest rectangular picture in portable TV.

Now you can enjoy the first true 21″ (diag.) picture . . . the biggest in portable TV . . . in a slim, trim, fit-anywhere cabinet. Yet inside, you get the complete Zenith Handcrafted chassis for unrivaled dependability. Even the contact points in Zenith's Super Gold Video Guard Tuner are 16-carat gold for a brighter, sharper picture years longer.

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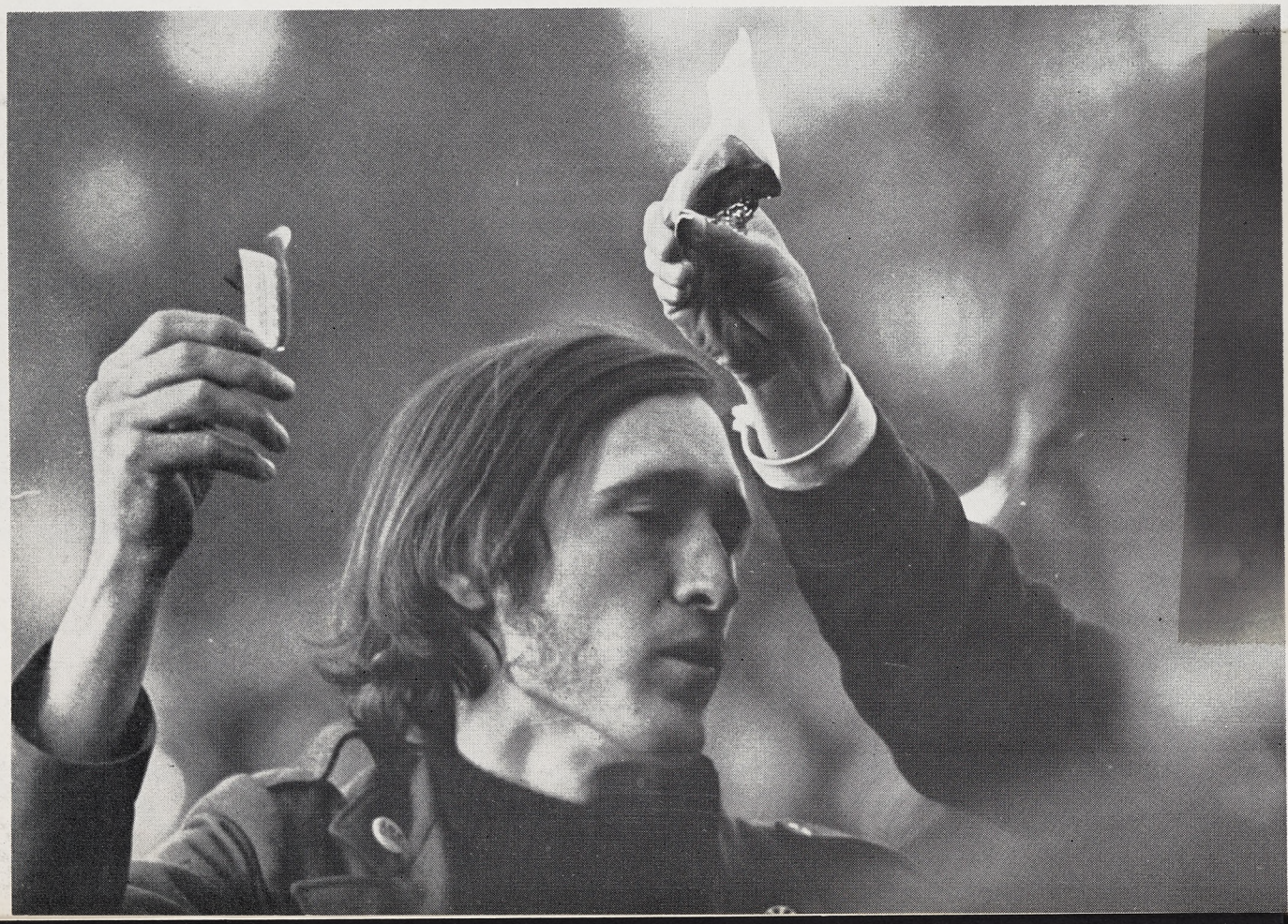
THE DISSIDENTS

by Richard L. Tobin,
Managing Editor, Saturday Review

Rioting broke out last summer and fall in 50-odd American cities and the toll in dollars, to say nothing of pain and security, was so astronomical no sensible American would try to estimate it. Conscientious objectors tore up or burned their draft cards in public. Women demanded equal rights—by federal law. Labor unions defied the public interest and went on strike. Professors with pacifist and/or radical ideas were dropped by colleges and universities from New Haven to Berkeley. Trouble brewed in many an urban schoolhouse, sometimes between teachers and children, sometimes between parents and teachers, sometimes between blacks and whites, sometimes from students carrying dangerous hardware and marihuana. Official pronouncements from the State and Defense Departments were invariably optimistic about the war, though calling for more and more troops just to make sure. It was quite a news years—but not unique, not by any means. For just half a century ago, the headlines were the same as they were in 1937. Only the names and geography have changed.

If you don't believe that the more things change the more things remain the same, take a quick look at some of the top news headlines of the summer and fall of 1917. On July 2, race riots in East St. Louis, Ill., resulted in the death of 37 persons. The cause: importation of Negro laborers from the South used as strikebreakers. On August 28, ten Suffragettes picketing in front of the White House in favor of giving women the vote were arrested and hauled off in a paddy wagon. The headlines a week later reported Government agents making raids in 24 cities simultaneously on the headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World (in my day we called them "I Won't Works"). Ten arrests were made and documents and literature seized. On September 9, Marshal McCarthy of New York City broke up a meeting of 200 members of the League of Conscientious Objectors before it got started. On the 17th, 25,000 laborers engaged in war emergency construction struck at San Francisco. They demanded a 50 per cent increase in wages. On September 28, 100 more arrests were made of I.W.W.'s, including William D. Haywood, Secretary of the National Organization of the I.W.W. A blanket indictment charging seditious conspiracy to thwart war plans of the Federal Government filled another column. On the last day of the month, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca, Arturo Giovannitti, and John G. Baldozzi, other leaders of the I.W.W., were arrested by agents of the Department of Justice in New York City.

Sound familiar? Let's look at some October banner lines half a century ago. On October 1, by a vote of the trustees of Columbia University, two pacifist professors, James McK. Cattell and Henry W. L. Dana, were dropped from the faculty. On October 18, mobs of children and their parents attacked seven New York City schools in protest against the Gary plan, an idea of alternating classes between regular and special teachers, sometimes known as the platoon system of education. (In 1967 it was bussing, or marihuana, or teachers' salaries, or the handling of students by the teaching staff.) On October 27 in New York City, 20,000 women marched in a Suffragette parade, greatly confusing those who had come out to see a military display on what was then Navy Day (Teddy Rossevelt's birthday). In November, members of the I.W.W. were tarred and feathered near Tulsa, Oklahoma. On November 19, Governor McCall of Massachusetts



refused to honor an extradition request from Governor Cornwall of West Virginia for John Johnson, a Negro charged with having attacked a white girl. The Massachusetts Governor told the West Virginia Governor he feared Johnson might not get a fair trial. On December 2, 5,000 union sympathizers raced through St. Paul, Minn., smashing windows of streetcars and attacking non-union employees who were attempting to operate the city's transit.

It was a far vaster war we were fighting in 1917-18 than today's undeclared "police action" in Vietnam, yet the War and Navy Departments operated then just about the same as the Defense Department does now. The premise was total optimism and not much candor. And the difficulties we encounter today with Selective Service were by no means absent in the summer of 1917 nor did they resolve themselves until war ended November 11, 1918. In fact, the draft has always been a tough law for some Americans to swallow. The worst urban disorder that ever struck America was the draft rioting of 1863 when upwards of a thousand people were killed, tens of thousands hurt or involved in property damage, and the whole City of New York went completely out of control from July 13 to 16. The Seventh Regiment had to come by forced marches from victorious Gettysburg to put down this anti-draft law insurrection of another year.

In the White House? Things don't seem to change much. President Johnson, like his predecessors, complains that he is abused beyond cause, dealt unfairly with by the press, and, it is readily admitted (as it was with Eisenhower), loses his temper fairly regularly. Let me quote: "The President was much inflamed and got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself, ran on about the personal abuse that has been bestowed upon him, defied any man to produce one single act of his since he has been in government which he has not done with the purest motives, that by God he had rather be on his farm than to be emperor of the world—and yet they were charging him with wanting to be king. That rascal, the newspaper editor, had even sent him three of his papers every day as if he thought he could become the distributor of his papers. He could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him." Johnson? Eisenhower? Truman? Not at all. Thomas Jefferson commenting on President George Washington.

There is always a Bergdoll and a Le Roi Jones, a Debs and a Spock, a Jeanette Rankin and a Senator McCarthy. There were "bohemians" then, we have "beatniks" and "hippies" now. And so it goes anywhere you look in the headlines, with a few exceptions perhaps, things like the atom bomb, which we didn't have fifty years ago, or the computer, or the jet plane, or our journeys into the vast electrical sea outside our earth. But all this is comparative. Our great-grandfather's generation did not have the automobile, the airplane, the radio, the telephone, or television. Yet his headlines were much the same as his son's and ours. Rioting broke out in his summers, war objectors stormed against the government, women demanded equal rights, labor unions defied the public interest, professors were dropped for pacifism, trouble brewed in urban schoolhouses, war communiques were eternally optimistic while at the same time calling for more troops, and the man in the White House felt put upon unfairly. They may have said it in odd ways in the headlines and there was no radio-TV to broadcast it instantaneously, but the more the headlines change the more they have remained the same—and always will. Ask any old newspaper duffer or, as Casey Stengel says, you could look it up.





Peggy Hall, war correspondent accredited to General Pershing

1968

LES GIRLS

by Lenore Hershey,
Special Projects Editor, McCall's

Is the male discrimination bloc, the Only-man-can-go line, the *Herren* Curtain, still keeping feminine reporters from overseas service in action spots?

No matter how you listen to the placating paeans of the brass about the marvelous women on their staff, the answer is still largely yes. True, a small, tolerated and highly talented minority of dauntless ladies manage to crash through the barriers, as they always have and always will. But just as in 1918, when Peggy Hull Deuell donned her officer's maxiskirt and went to France to get the A.E.F. story (even to the extent, in the adjacent sense, of sleeping with the soldiers), a woman correspondent is a rarity.

Let's be generous. Some of the opposition to women at battlefronts is founded on the timeless and commendable motivation of male protectiveness. This is not to be confused with pseudo-chivalry: "If a woman gets killed in a shooting war, it's an insult to the commander and he gets asked a lot of questions." There's also the old law of supply and demand: one visiting female at the front is not enough to comfort a large number of generals, which is translated into the fact that she is a threat to the leashed passions of the enlisted personnel.

Then there's that cliché, no "facilities." Restricted from a trip to the South Pole, Elaine Sheppard was told it was because there were no facilities in Antartica, no doubt meaning that the bushes were too cold and that the penguins peeked. A friend sent her a parcel, publicly labeled "Traveling John," containing disposable equipment. With it came a message: "Cable the Admiral 'Have toilet, will travel'."

There are valid reasons for keeping women out of danger areas, of course. One does not easily forget a Dickey Chapelle, who met death by a Viet Cong land mine in 1965. Bob Considine wrote of her, "She ventured where angels and men twice her size and half her age feared to tread, not with any aura of bravado, but simply because she felt that if a newspaper or radio chain hired her to cover a war, it deserved war coverage, not a rewrite of a headquatrers mimeographed handout." Or Pulitzer Prize-winner Marguerite Higgins, whose life was ended too early by a disease no doubt aggravated by the years of exposure she experienced tracking down the scoops for which she was known.

It is interesting to note that a star correspondent of World War I, the indefatigable Peggy Hull, as she was known then, lived out her years to serve on four fronts, and died only last year in Carmel, California. Irene Corbally Kuhn, one of the moving spirits of the OPC, wrote in the Bulletin: "Peggy had a sense of drama. She was a woman war correspondent and she dressed for the role . . . She went right along on the marches with the boys, never complained that her feet hurt, nor interrupted things to powder her nose."

Irene also related a prank that was played by Peggy on General Pershing, a practical joke that almost cost her her permission to go to France with the AEF in 1917. When the MS Army cornered Pancho Villa, Peggy—then a writer for NEA—got wind of the fact that they were going to take newsreels at a certain spot. At precisely the right moment, as a triumphant General Pershing appeared on his charger for the

whirring cameras, Peggy trotted her horse into position alongside him, and pictures appeared all over the world with the caption, "American girl correspondent leads trip out of Mexico with General Pershing." Pershing was unforgiving, and only important intercession got her accredited for the AEF tour.

There is a roster of other names, of course. Dorothy Thompson, Anne O'Hare McCormick. In World War II, there were Rita Hume, Lee Carson, Ruth Montgomery, Hazel Hertzog, Ann Stringer, Inez Robb. Some women combined newspaper careers with journalistic marriages: Flora Lewis, wife of Sidney Gruson (still doing a syndicated column and contributing to *The Times* Sunday *Magazine);* Eleanor Packard, who, like her husband Reynolds Packard, was a UP war correspondent. Aline Mosby, who did feature stories for UPI in Moscow, Paris, London and Brussels, won a Ford Foundation scholarship to study Sino-Soviet affairs, and now divides her time between New York and Paris bureaus on feature assignments. Beverly Deepe, who covered Saigon on her own and then joined the late, lamented *Herald Tribune* . . . a newspaper, by the way, that respected women both in the city room and at the foreign desk.

What of today? Who are the women braving the competition and the mortar fire and the discomforts and disillusionments of war front coverage? I am told that the AP has not one woman overseas. (Mary Ann Kelly Smith, first woman sent by the AP into a war zone since World War II, retired recently and married Jay Tunney, son of the retired boxing champ.) The AP does report an increase in its news staff here in the U.S.—close to 60, as opposed to a dozen only a decade ago. That's out of a total of more than a thousand, despite the fact that girls outnumber boys in so many journalism schools.

UPI, on the other hand, has at least ten women on the foreign staff, not all American, but all 100% female. Catherine (Kate) Webb is the girl in Vietnam, and by sitting on the steps of the Continental Hotel in Saigon found herself following Marines rushing to the aid of the U.S. Embassy. Her description: "It was like a butcher shop in Eden. Beautiful but ghastly." Kate is a new Zealander, but Joan Deppa, UPI's girl in Paris, was born in Grand



1968



Above, Maris Ross, UPI girl who can climb a rope ladder in a rough Irish Sea

Top left, Kate Webb, UPI girl in Vietnam: "It was like a butcher shop in Eden."

Bottom left, Lucy Jarvis, NBC girl everywhere; and Jean McDonough, UPI girl now in Madrid

Ledge, Michigan, and went to Michigan State. Maris Ross, who has done things like climbing a rope ladder in a rough Irish Sea to board a pirate radio ship, is a miniskirt fan, as befits a London correspondent. One of UPI's prettiest is Jean McDonough, from Centerville, Mass., now in Madrid.

The news magazines, of course, have their share of foreign correspondents. *Time* has its Boston bureau chief, Ruth Mehrtens, who did such good work in Israel, and, of course, other women in their foreign bureaus, mostly from the countries in which the bureaus are located. *Newsweek's* women correspondents include Liz Peer in Paris, a New Jersey girl; and Ellen Sullivan, a correspondent in the Rome bureau who started as the magazine's Vatican stringer. In these days, when a jet-ride is like a taxi ride across town—and scarcely more expensive—, it's easy to send home office people out on a story anywhere in the world. As for the New York *Times*, it has one woman correspondent on its foreign staff, Gloria Emerson, based in the Paris office. Her assignments now chiefly cover the skirmishes and flack of the couturier showings, and related feminine interests, although she, too, has had Vietnamese and Middle East reportage in her background.

And then, of course, there are the radio-TV ladies who get around. Most peripatetic and persuasive is NBC's Lucy Jarvis, who captured the Louvre and the Kremlin for her network. Her award-winning programs include "Khrushchev in Exile," "Bravo Picasso!" "The Louvre" and "The Kremlin," and her most recent epic, which involved a trip to South Africa, was "Dr. Barnard's Heart Transplant Operations." Once a food editor, she insists that her home-made brownies are part of her crash-through technique.

Old-fashioned enterprise, timeless sensitivity, new-fashioned maneuverability. One would think they would all add up to more women in foreign news jobs. But perhaps, after all, the problem is that there are too many other ways for women to see the world today. Or that women know war for what it is and would prefer to stay home and work to stop it than view its agonies and report it. In any case, to paraphrase Elaine Sheppard, the message is clear: "Have talent, will travel. Gender no deterrent." Thus it was in 1918; so it is 50 years later.

1968

FOND RECOLLECTIONS OF YE OLDE STARS AND STRIPES

by Andrew A. Rooney, Writer, Producer for CBS News



The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

FRANCE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918. PRICE 50 CENTIMES

VOL. I—NO. 1

MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Impression That They Will Be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP

Zone System to Be Instituted and Rotated to Give All Possible Variety.

"PINK TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rules Are Explicit.

OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE

Red Cross Dentist's Office Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF

IN this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home. It is an opportunity which only comes to a few men in the history of a nation. In this duty which is laid before them, and this duty will be performed by them as by Americans of the past, eager, determined, and unyielding to the last.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

"Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE U.S. CAPTIVES

A.E.F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

GIVEN UNEATABLE BREAD.

Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS.

Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives Into France.

FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS

Congress Votes Us Packets but Overlooks Hoes and Spades

PRIZES FOR BIG PUMPKINS

A.E.F. Garden Enthusiasts Speculate Upon Probability of Flavor Pots in Tin Derbies.

A NEWS STORY IN VERSE

NO BUGLE CALL.

Travel Regulations.

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS.

Fed by French People.

Continued on Page 2

First issue of the STARS AND STRIPES

It is not only probable, it is absolutely certain that no man alive is qualified to write a comprehensive history of *The Stars and Stripes*. If there is a historian knowledgeable enough about dates and events of all the editions, he would lack the fierce prejudice for one era over another necessary to make the story real.

Let it be known at the outset, then, that my affectionate remembrance and knowledge of the Army newspaper pertains to *The Stars and Stripes* of World War II, from its beginning in London to the end of the war in Europe. In my view, everything else was before or after. The only thing that gives me an edge over other staff members is that an uncle of my wife, who lived in Oneonta, died several years ago and left me a complete file of the weekly World War I editions.

According to Herb Mitgang, *The Stars and Stripes* was published for the first time by four union soldiers in Bloomfield, Missouri, in November 1861. The first World War I edition was published in Paris on February 8, 1918; and, according to an article in the first anniversary edition, the whole idea and the name of the paper was thought up by Capt. Guy T. Viskniskki. He may have, but it seems strange that two people, two wars that far apart, would by coincidence have come up with a name that bad.

The name is not bad any more, of course. The spirit of *The Stars and Stripes* as a newspaper took over and dominated those words with its own character, giving them a meaning of their own.

There were fewer stories in the World War I paper than today, and they were usually longer. It was weakest in its coverage of the war itself, but it was readable and pretty good in spite of all those names you read about who edited or wrote it. Today it makes great browsing.

"American aviators," it turns out, "felled 755 Hun Fokkers and 71 Boche balloons."

Herbert C. Hoover, American Food Administrator, decreed that only one kind of meat could be served at a meal. *The Stars and Stripes* took the position that liver and bacon *was* only one.

They stopped shipping macaroni to "the doughboys" because the holes took up too much shipping space.

In March, 1919, there were still 4,800 American soldiers fighting the Russians.

On October 4, 1918, Lt. Eddie Rickenbacker and several other pilots dropped 2,200 copies of *The Stars and Stripes*, in bundles of ten, to the infantry at Argonne.

The paper was issued every Sunday for 71 consecutive weeks and at its peak had a circulation exceeding half a million. The best thing the WW I *Stars and Stripes* did, which the WW II *Stars and Stripes* did not, was to cease publication at the end of the war. *Yank* preserved the memory of its own reputation that way. *The Stars and Stripes* should have. There has always been a feeling among people who worked for the paper during the war that the postwar Army inherited a good thing from a stranger. The feeling has nothing to do with the quality of the present staff or its product. The paper looks

good and reads well enough; it is just not the real thing and shouldn't have the same name.

What was the real thing? It's hard to know what gives a restaurant, a senior class or a corporation its character. Usually it is one or more strong people who influence its growth and direction of movement. Such was the case with *The Stars and Stripes* of World War II and accounts for its strong flavor and determined personality. (This piece is determined not to mention any names. Some have been mentioned too often, through no intent of their own, and some never).

The real thing began April 18, 1942, in London and ended, considering all the various editions, 5,000 issues later during the summer of 1945. The first era was those 14 months up to the Invasion of June 6, 1944. It involved about twenty newspapermen and thirty circulation and business people. Most of them were sergeants, all of them were civilians in heart and mind and they lived, free of Army discipline, in a wartime but nonetheless swinging London. They produced a tabloid newspaper for soldiers with *New York Times* standards, plus cheesecake, in the bowels of the ancient and honorable precincts of *The Times* in Printing House Square.

The Army newsmen were all either experienced and capable or young enough to be shaped by those who were. The officer-in-charge, a lieutenant-colonel with National Guard experience, was, in retrospect, perfect. He was an inept, bumbling, infuriating and, paradoxically, often lovable, Captain Queeg. He provided the citizen-soldier newsmen with a symbol of what they thought was military idiocy against which they could pit their professional skill. Actually he was a tissue-paper villain. If he had held steel balls in his hand, he would certainly have eaten them, thinking, absently-mindedly, that they were grapes.

The day in, day out production of a good newspaper that looked as familiar to its readers as the icebox in their kitchen back home, was the important work; what is remembered best by those who were there is the endless series of dramatic, dangerous and comic adventures. It is incredible that no motion picture or television series has been made from the episodes involving the production of *The Stars and Stripes*.

In that first year the paper covered the build-up of troops in England; it covered the air war being fought by the RAF and the U.S. 8th and 9th Air Forces. It covered sports back home, the cute stories about kids writing to Queens and getting answers, and it covered, with remarkable detail, the war in Russia and the action in the Pacific. That was the important work.

What staff members recall more vividly is:

— The day the staid editor of *The Times*, eyes hooded beneath his green eye shade, picked the receiver off the stand-up telephone on his desk and broke the library silence in the city room of The Thunderer, with a request to the desk of *The Stars and Stripes* that he be provided the first copy off the presses every night. He had realized that the same people who were playing basketball with gluepots were beating him on some stories in his own cricket pitch.

— The time the sergeant editor looked at a long official order calling for his own court martial, marked it "Disapproved," initialed it and put it back through the Army channels from whence it came—where it was lost forever.

— The night Alf Storey, proprietor of The Lamb and The Lark, the best pub there ever was, got drunk after hours with four American soldier newsmen and awoke the next morning to discover, to his anguish, that he and they had drunk a fifty-year-old bottle of Napoleon brandy he had been saving to celebrate the end of the war.

A group of five men was dispatched, as starter yeast, to open a newspaper in North Africa. They were later handicapped by an eminently reasonable and intelligent colonel as their officer-in-charge but overcame the problem he created and developed it into a respectable enough stepchild with a lot of good writing and a drawer of some talent.

With D-Day, the party in England ended. A small staff was dispatched to the Continent which, as our friends at *The Times* said in a magnificent statement of the British attitude, "had been so long isolated." That staff was shelled out of their first plant at Carentan and retreated up the Cotentin Peninsula. They started printing in Cherbourg and having their ten-in-one rations prepared by two magnificent French cooks in Ste Mere Eglise.

But who has time to read or write it and who can presume to tell the stories and catch the truth of *The Stars and Stripes*? Not me. The staff grew, circulation multiplied. Rennes, Paris, Liege, Pfungstadt, and meanwhile the crew from North Africa had moved into Rome, then up to France to publish in Grenoble, Besancon, Marseille, Strasbourg, Dijon, Nancy. The two forces joined again and accepted pooled "local" and American news from the headquarters in the *Paris Herald* plant on the rue de Berri.

There is an Avenue de Stars and Stripes in Strasbourg now, named in honor of the two staff members who stayed behind and published the paper in English, German and French after U.S. troops had pulled out when a German re-entry into the city seemed imminent. The story is often told as one of heroism, but not by those two. The fact is they liked the food, the drink and the women in Strasbourg and they printed *The Stars and Stripes* in three languages and sold it on the street themselves because they needed the money. Tales of staff heroes were seldom in the Sergeant York tradition.

The people with *The Stars and Stripes* flew with the bombers, jumped with the paratroopers, moved in with the invaders and up with the infantry. The difference was that, having been provided with a free ticket for the best seat in the house, they viewed a part of the war and headed back for some place of relative safety and comfort, wrote about it then went somewhere and lived a little. It was a wild ride we took through the greatest war in history and, having lived through it, you wonder what the hell your kids are going to have in their lives as big as *The Stars and Stripes* was in yours.

1918
THEY WERE THERE

They were there indeed, though many more than are shown here. It was a war when what went on could be made known to the world only through the printed word, when the dispatch from the front came from the men who had none of today's electronic devices to rely on. They saw the news, they reported it, and they were themselves a breed of correspondent not previously known. The history of World War I stems in large part from their participation in it, and many of their names were as familiar to the man in the street as the names of the generals in the field.



"Somewhere in France" were Henry Noble Hall (NEW YORK TIMES), Fred Ferguson (UP), Floyd Gibbons and Herbert Carey.



Stanley Washburn (CHICAGO DAILY NEWS) and, right, Frederic Coudert, during lull at Chateau Thierry.



Lucien Kirtland, past president of OPC tactfully and respectfully hovers close by Argonne dugout.



OPC's own Burnet Hershey functioning at French-Belgium GHQ in France.



William Phillip Simms (UP) who worried but nevertheless covered the BEF in France.



Ray G. Carroll, Arthur Delaney, "Napoleon," Henry N. Hall, Freeman Light, Don Martin, Tom Johnson, Arthur E. Hartzell.



In the Argonne, Wilbur Forrest (NEW YORK TRIBUNE) *and, right, Herbert Bailey* (LONDON DAILY MAIL).

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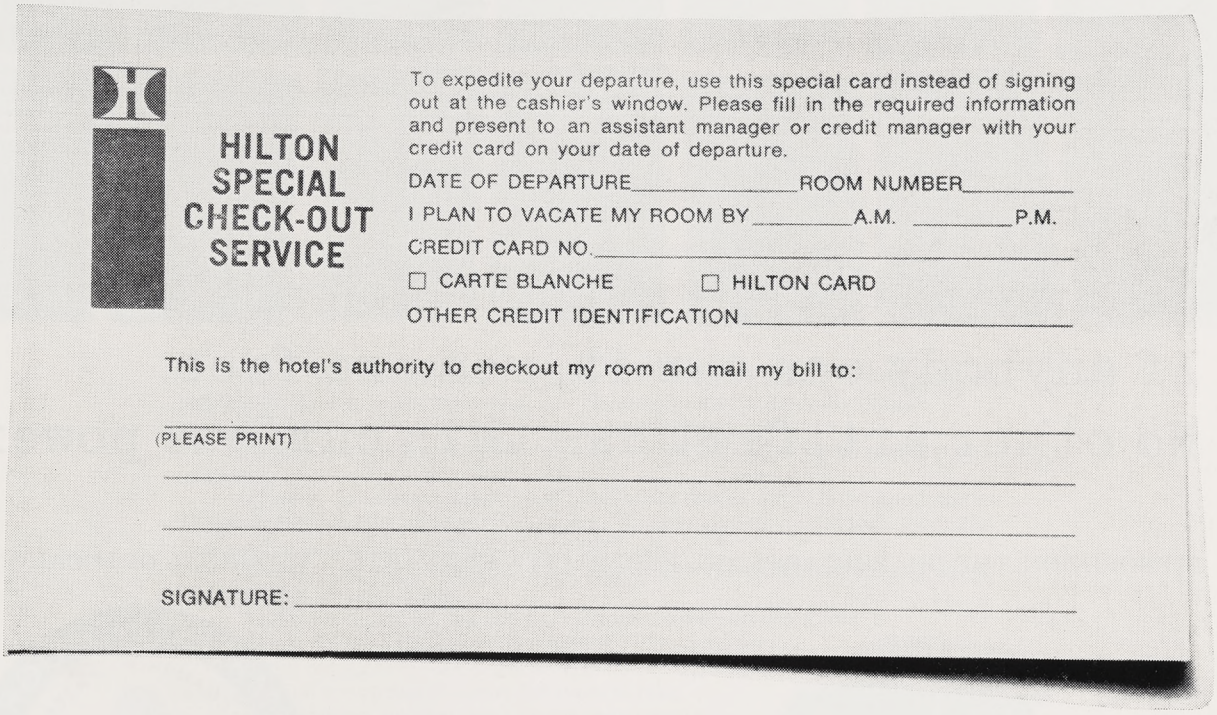
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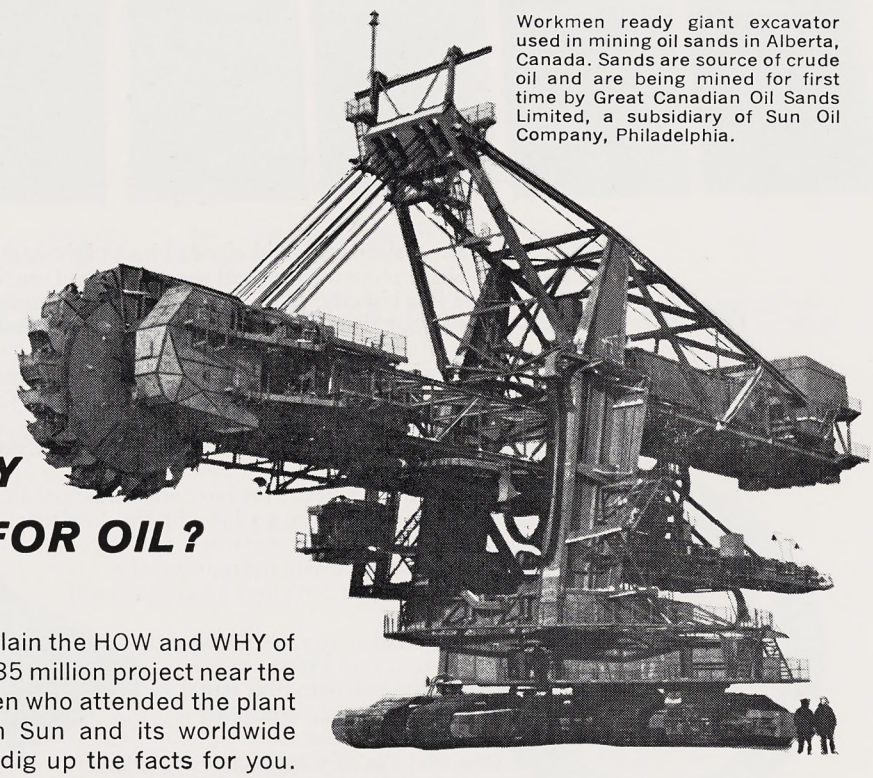
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Ed & Pegeen Fitzgerald—WOR Radio.

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Journal Of Commerce, February 23

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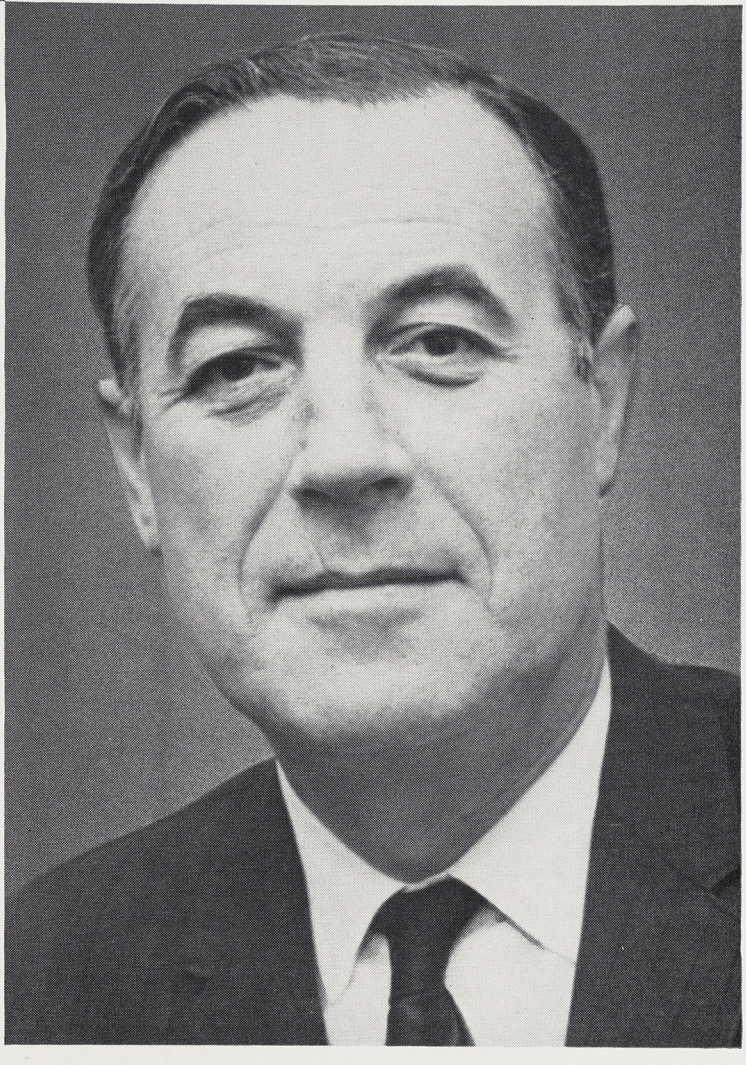
and Sun's PR staff was on hand to explain the HOW and WHY of pit mining oil sand at Sunoco's new $235 million project near the Arctic Circle to more than 100 newsmen who attended the plant opening. If you need information on Sun and its worldwide search for new sources of oil, let us dig up the facts for you.

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OPC club member Tom Deegan proudly presents a colleague...



JACK RAYMOND,

who after 25 years of filing copy for Stars and Stripes during World War II and thereafter for the New York Times in this country and abroad—Anzio and Paris, Berlin and Belgrade, Moscow and Ulan Bator, the Pentagon and Vietnam—has returned to New York as President of the Thomas J. Deegan Company, management counsel.

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IT WAS–AND IS–TO LAUGH

by Bennett Cerf, Publisher

Admittedly this is an era of violent change. An MIT professor summed up the trend when he declared, "Anything that still works today is *obsolete.*" Two things, however, steadily resist change of any kind. One is sex. The other is war humor.

Leaving sex aside – temporarily, of course–I set down four jokes that were popular in 1918 and four that are going the rounds today. If you detect any basic difference in direction, you're a more discerning analyst than I am.

There does seem to be a difference in the *quality* of war stories then and now. Everybody's heart and soul was in World War One, which is not the case today – to put it mildly. But to a weary G.I., a front line is a front line, a snafu is a snafu, and a pompous, newly-commissioned second lieutenant is the butt of his gripings and comical threats, no matter who the current enemy may be.

The four World War One favorites:

1. A group of GIs from darkest Bronx were engaged in a cutthroat game of pinochle during a lull in the fighting. One of them was dealt an unusually strong hand and promptly bid "410." That's the equivalent of a straight flush in poker or a grand slam vulnerable in bridge. The other players prepared to beat the hand if they possibly could.

Suddenly a stray shell was lobbed over by the enemy and neatly blew off the head of the soldier who had made the 410 bid. The other boys sat in stunned silence for a moment. Then one of them crawled over and cased the decapitated GI's hand. "You know," he remarked, "I think he would have made it!"

2. Two Irish boys from Chicago were going into battle for the first time, and the Captain offered a dollar for every one of the enemy they killed. Pat lay down to rest while Mike maintained the lookout. Suddenly Mike awakened Pat by shouting, "They're coming!"

"Who's coming?" inquired Pat.

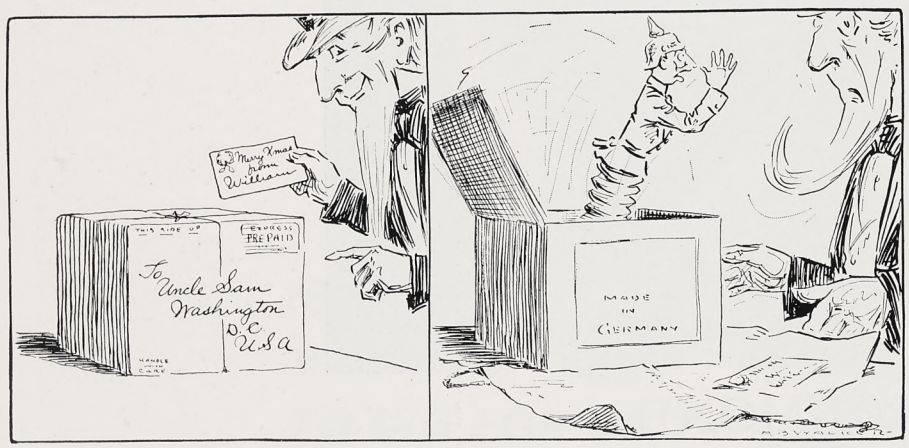
"The enemy, you fool," replied Mike.

"How many are there?" shouted Pat.

"About 50,000," estimated Mike.

"Begorrah," cried Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

3. A tired and odoriferous group of draftees idled down the company street shouldering an oddly assorted equipment of spades, shovels, and guns. A lieutenant pounced on the leading figure in the group and barked, "Hey, soldier, where's that mule I told you to take out and have shod?" "Holy smoke, did you say 'shod,' sir?" stuttered the draftee. "We just buried him with full military honors."



4. Two second lieutenants were engaged in deep conversation one night when a little dog, nearsighted perhaps, mistook one of them for a fire hydrant. The lieutenant looked down with distaste, then grumbled, "How did that damn dog know I'm a second lieutenant?"

Here are four current stories, three from Saigon, one from Tel Aviv.

1. In an encampment near the demilitarized zone, an officious second lieutenant was the pet hate of all the privates. Yet to a man they contributed for a birthday present to the detested officer. It was a framed picture of Lassie, neatly inscribed, "With love, from Mother."

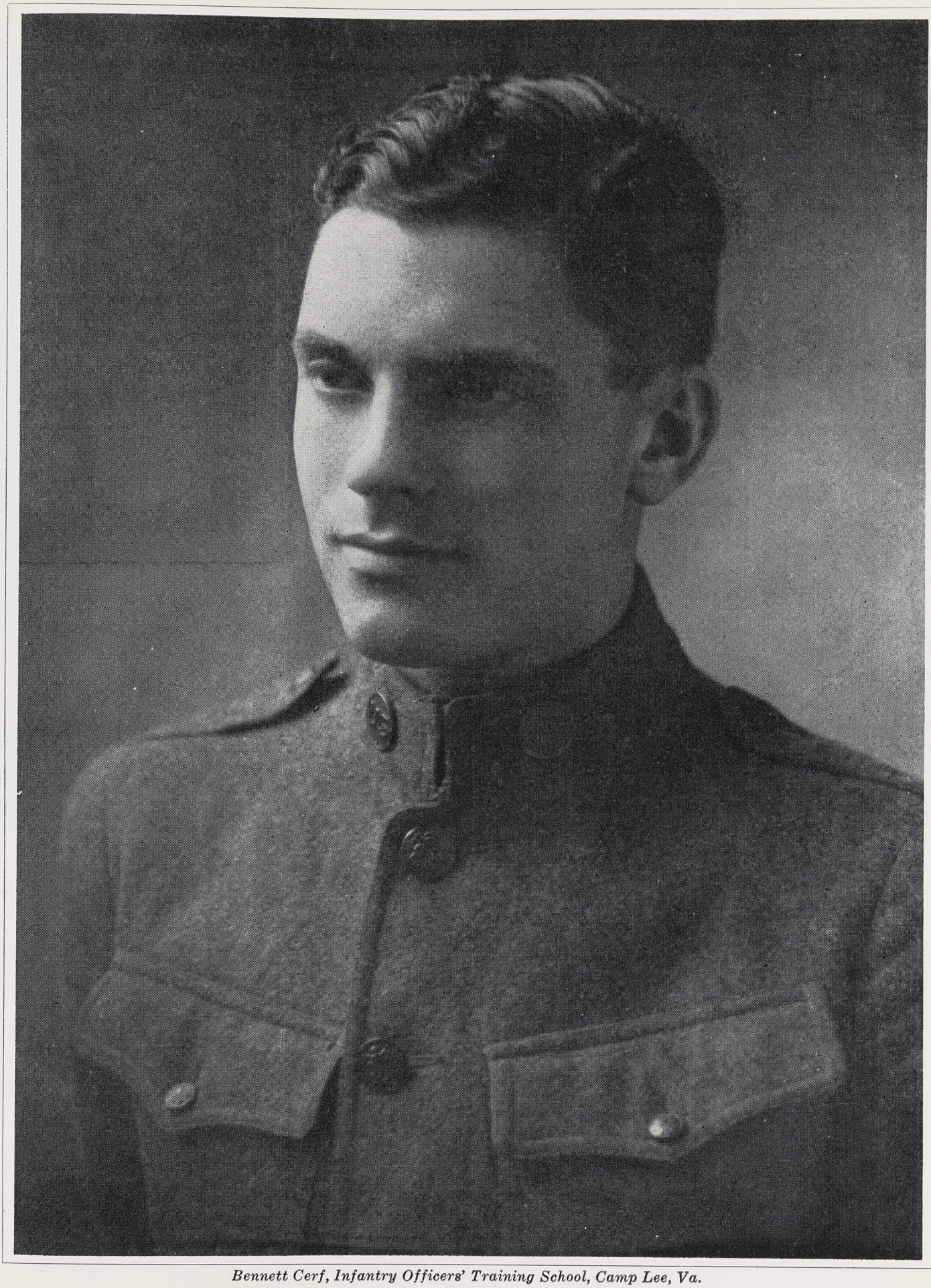
2. A U.S. Navy supply ship put in for a spell at a Pacific island famed for its voluptuous and scantily clad maidens. One sailor spent a memorable day on shore posing groups of the cooperating beauties, and photographing them with his miniature camera. An ensign watched him silently for some time, then inquired mildly, "Where do you think you're going to get all those films developed?"

The sailor replied, "Films? Who's got films?"

3. A few weeks after Israel's lightning victory over Egypt, an Israeli soldier, leading a mangy, hairless, yellow dog on a string encountered an Arab warrior in the open desert. The Arab was accompanied by an enormous, savage looking mastiff, and he sneered at the Israeli, "If you don't get that mutt of yours out of here quick, my dog will kill him with three bites." The Israeli unhesitatingly countered, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars my dog can lick yours." The gleeful Arab snatched at the offer, and the snarling dogs had at each other. The fight was over in a matter of seconds. The Israeli's yellow dog simply massacred his heavier and bigger opponent. "What kind of a dog is that anyhow?" the Arab wanted to know. The Israeli answered cheerfully, "Before we had its nose fixed, it was an alligator."

4. A rewrite man in Chicago was editing a cover story on General Westmoreland and cabled Viet Nam headquarters, "How old Westmoreland?" A joker there cabled back, "Old Westmoreland just fine. How you?"

If you see any difference, brother—*Vive* IT!



Bennett Cerf, Infantry Officers' Training School, Camp Lee, Va.



Etchings of war scenes by Kerr Eby had enormous impact

THE WAR BETWEEN HARD COVERS

by Harry Hansen, Editor, Correspondent, Author, Critic

The first book of World War I that caught the imagination of the common reader – the "man in the street" – was Arthur Guy Empey's *Over the Top.* When we consider the competition it had – *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* by H. G. Wells; *The First Hundred Thousand,* by Ian Hay; *Carry On,* by Coningsby Dawson, and *My Home in the Field of Honor,* by Frances Houard, we might conclude that Empey's book had special qualities. Actually it was simply a collection of front-line anecdotes, which described the life led by the men in the trenches as they tensely awaited the zero hour.

H. G. Wells understood the moods of the middle-class Englishman; with his superb journalistic sense he could dramatize himself and make the story typical. Ian Hay (Beith) was a captain in the Argyll Highlanders and his book is basic history. He also wrote *Carrying On,* but it had no popular appeal. Afterward he wrote light novels, and during the second World War he became director of public relations at the War Office. The popularity of *My Home in the Field of Honor* was a surprise. The story of a household overrun by the military, it interested women, as did *A Chateau at the Front,* by the Marquise de Foucault, which, however, did not appear until 1931.

Some haunting lines of those days cling to the memory. There were the poems of Rupert Brooke, who had visited the United States, and who died soon after writing: *If I should die tonight, think only this of me, that there's*

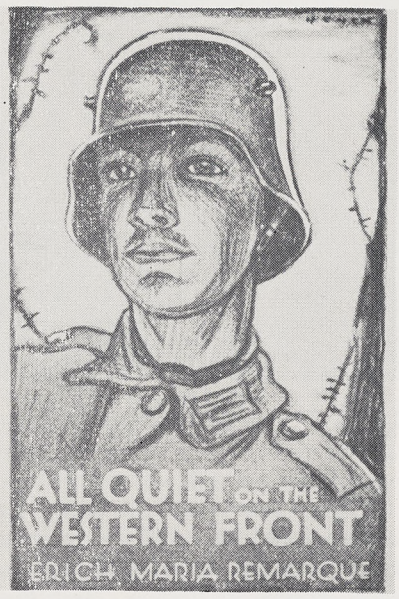
some corner of a foreign field that is forever England. And Alan Seeger's expression of a soldier's resignation: *I have a rendezvous with death, at some disputed barricade . . . at midnight in some flaming town.* He did not "fail the rendezvous." John Macrae's *In Flanders' Fields* is indelible. E. E. Cummings was a fledgling poet, but his contribution to war books was a novel, *The Enormous Room,* based on three months in a French detention camp for some minor offense when he was a member of the American Ambulance Corps.

Several "big" books came out of the war, at least books that provoked thought. One was Blasco Ibanez' *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (which was sold for $1.90, a new high price for a hard-cover book!). Others were *Under Fire,* by Henri Barbusse, and *Above the Battle,* by Romain Rolland, the latter one of those strong indictments of war that is always resented by governments. The best book from the German side was *All Quiet on the Western Front,* by Erich Maria Remarque, which did not appear in Germany as *Im Westen Nichts Neues* until 1929. It is significant that at that time, when the Hitler conspiracy was already sprouting, that Remarque's book swept Germany. It described the disillusioning experiences of the common soldier and the brutality and destructiveness of war. There was no room for Remarque in Germany under Hitler; he moved to Switzerland and later became an American citizen.

Some of the best writing of the war years was done by accredited correspondents who had deadlines to meet. Paul Scott Mowrer's work was both reporting and analysis; often he was ahead of the diplomats. Years later he told his personal story in *House of Europe.* Will Irwin wrote voluminously and did not reprint in book form, but when he sent *The Splendid Story of Ypres* to his syndicate, Northcliffe printed it in a first edition of 500,000 copies. Late in life Irwin described his war experiences in *The Making of a Reporter.*

It is a publishing axiom that if a book with an original slant becomes a best-seller, there is always room for a second. In the case of *Over the Top* it was Harold R. Peat's *Private Peat.* It was published here in 1918, and although it also dealt informally with a conscript's experiences, it still trailed Empey in sales. During the same season Edward Streeter achieved popularity with the simple formula of letters to a girl, in *Dere Mable.* In later years these two authors were practically neighbors; Peat, having learned the lecture routine in the United States, started his own agency on West 45th Street near Fifth, while Streeter did his nonliterary work at the brownstone Fifth Avenue Bank.

One of the busiest little workers in the writing-lecturing field was E. Alexander Powell, who produced a large shelf of journalistic experiences. Some of the correspondents were skeptical of his claims, but I had no evidence for doubting him. The glibness of Coningsby Dawson, however, stirred the ire of Heywood Broun. Dawson started in 1917 with *Carry On,* and in 1918 wrote



The Glory of the Trenches, and *Out to Win.* Broun did not associate war with glory and hated Dawson's unctuousness. I don't know what Broun said of John Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers,* but he must have approved Dos' intention.

The fortunes of war were unkind to one of our better writers, Richard Harding Davis. He had reported half a dozen wars before 1914 and could write like a house afire. When he discovered that the British and French would not allow reporters to visit the front lines he was disgusted and returned to the United States within a year. He didn't intend to write "sidelights." However, he did publish a number of his best pieces in *Somewhere in France.* He died in 1916, only 52. Scribner later brought out *Adventures of Richard Harding Davis,* and Fairfax Downey wrote an excellent biography.

Irvin S. Cobb was not in the least affected by protocol. He had written feature stories all his life and could make any haystack look like a machine-gun nest. He wrote articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* and collected them in books. We were associated in the march to the Marne (almost), and as I was the only man present who could talk with German officers, Cobb would come over and ask: "What did he say?" When I translated, he would laugh heartily. Later on, when I read his reports in the *SEP,* I discovered that all the remarks had been addressed to him. In one of his books, *Paths of Glory,* he describes "the most interesting thing that happened to me." Actually it happened to me. But I bore him no ill will for I learned much from him about building a readable story. When he wrote his autobiography, *Exit Laughing,* in 1941, he did give me an oblique credit line. He wrote: "One young man, whose name I can't recall . . ." And I believed him.

Cobb scored a beat on everybody by printing in the *SEP* his interview with Lord Kitchener. Seasoned correspondents snickered, for Kitchener was not to be quoted at any time. As expected, he promtly denied giving an interview. In those days interviews were arranged by formal overtures, questions were submitted in writing, and a frock coat and striped pants were *de rigeur.* Kitchener's views were quoted all over Germany and Cobb enjoyed the sensation he caused.

The British appointed Phillip Gibbs —later Sir Phillip—official reporter, and he wrote approved articles. After the war he published *Now It Can Be Told,* but by that time Paul Scott Mowrer, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Raymond Swing, Karl von Wiegand and a number of other capable men had told everything there was to know. The United States appointed Frederick Palmer, who already had published *My Second Year of the War* in 1917. Then there were many, many books about the war, especially by diplomats, such as James W. Gerard and his *My Four Years in Germany* and *Face to Face with Kaiserism,* and Brand Whitlock and his *Belgium Under Occupation;* and commanders, such as Pershing, Bullard and others, down to Laurence Stallings' warm and intimate *The Doughboys,* which was something of a sensation.



Volkert, with camera; George Syvertsen, wearing glasses.

COMBAT CAMERAMAN—VIETNAM

by Kurt Volkert, CBS News Cameraman

Cameramen in Vietnam come in all forms, all sizes and ages. Some are veterans of the first Indochina war, others are youngsters on their first foreign assignments. They come from many countries, they speak many different languages. Their reasons for being in Vietnam and doing what they are doing are as different as their backgrounds.

Some are in Vietnam for money. Some to break into the business and some to make a name for themselves. They all brave dangers for less pay, fewer benefits than their United States based colleagues. "Over-time," "double-time" and "holidays" are unknown. In lieu of weekends off, our cameramen take off one week in seven on "R and R"—rest and recreation.

I came to this country a year ago as a cameraman for CBS News after a peaceful ten years as an Army photographer. I had had two short stints in Vietnam in the Army, but I had to return as a civilian to find out about war.

Right up to the end of January of this year, it had been sufficiently eventful, with enough happenings to last a normal person a lifetime. And then Vietnam blew up. The Tet offensive tore the place apart from the DMZ in the North to the Delta in the South. Everything that happened before Tet seems, now, by comparison, to represent the good old times, when it was possible to cover combat in the rice paddies during the daytime, helicopter back to Saigon for the cocktail hour before dinner in a good French restaurant.

The Tet offensive started with a bang that hardly anyone expected. Most of us were sitting on the patio at the edge of the Danang River, to watch the traditional fireworks display the Vietnamese put on for Tet. The noise of the fireworks reminded some of us of a fire fight, but the mood among us was gay, apprehension calmed by drinks. After midnight, most of us went to get a good night's sleep. At about three-fifteen in the morning we were awakened by the unmistakable sound of rocket shells exploding. We rushed outside. The sky in the direction of the Danang Air Base was as bright as daylight.

Over the protests of the Marines, we drove out of the Press Center, talked our way past Vietnamese guards and got on to the airbase to film a report on the damage. It was bad enough, but these attacks had happened before, and, after filming, we thought nothing of speeding back to the Press Camp through the deserted and eerily quiet streets of Danang. We thought this had been just another rocket attack and nothing more. When the sound of firing continued atfer sunrise, I thought that the fireworks celebration was still going on. Then someone came by to report that a battle-royal was under way just two blocks from the Press Camp.

You would have to have been there to believe it. The Press Camp, with ham and eggs and steaming coffee; and half-a-mile away, people getting killed. A full-scale Communist attack was under way. The target was the Headquarters compound of the South Vietnamese First Corps, the military and political command center for the five northern provinces of South Vietnam.

All the other network cameramen and another CBS crew were out at the air base reporting on the damage from the rocket attack. We were alone—but we had no transportation. So we decided to hitch-hike to the place where the action was.

Our crew and a few wire service reporters commandeered an American civilian pacification worker and his jeep and talked him into giving us a lift. We were careful not to tell him what it was all about. (We weren't quite sure ourselves.)

A Vietnamese policeman tried to stop us — "No can go, No can go!!!" "Dangerous." He got his answer quickly—"Bao Chi, Bao Chi, you stupid bastard." "Bao Chi" is Vietnamese for Press.

We got through the roadblocks and saw civilian refugees streaming from

the area of the First Corps compound. Several mutilated bodies lay on the street. We released our involuntary chauffeur and moved on. I recall someone saying "It's the first time I've hitchhiked into combat."

The battle in the cluster of houses adjacent to the headquarters was bloody. A Vietnamese jeep stood in the middle of the road. One of its occupants lay flat on his back near the rear wheel, another was still sitting in the back seat looking relaxed and natural, as if he were asleep. Both were dead.

Refugees kept running by us, trying to get away from the shooting. We linked up with a group of South Vietnamese Rangers fighting their way through the back yards and alley-ways to get to the Viet Cong around the Headquarters compound. They were happy enough to see us and guided us. When it was too dangerous they held us back, urged us to more secure positions.

I had the feeling—as always in heavy action—that I needed ten eyes, and ten cameras. A cameraman feels so inadequate being able to record only a minute part of the misery, a minute part of the fighting. You have to decide what the most important action is. Is it the woman holding her crying baby? Is it the young girl cringing near her house because of the exploding grenades? Or is it the defiant-looking Viet Cong with blood on his face, just after his capture?

The cameraman has to decide, or he will miss it all. In combat there are no retakes.

Before you go into the fighting, carrying the sound cameras and battery, linked to the soundman with a cable, you feel scared. The only world you are interested in is the one within the frame of your view-finder. No picture warrants being foolhardy, yet you get carried away. You slither into the same ridiculous position you condemn as unnecessarily risky during more quiet hours when you are not involved. Then, when I am halfway through the story, and I feel it is good, I become greedy. Greedy to capture more on film, more drama, more excitement. This is the time you almost become a protagonist. This is the time you are fully committed, and emotionally involved.

This is the time, also, when at long last you are a cameraman, when you are doing what you set out to do.

It is also the time when you tend to become careless. You feel exhilarated. You have survived, you have been part of the action. You feel in your bones that everything is going to be all right.

At this point in the battle, next to the First Corps compound, we decided to go on with the Rangers. We filmed a charge through a cemetery. They charged through the tombstones, killing Viet Cong on top of all the other dead who had been buried there for years. As they charged, they urged us to go on with them and we did. We must have presented a strange sight—three people tied to each other with cables, running, ducking, getting carried away with excitement, feeling the tenseness of filming and seeing action the like of which we had not seen before.

I filmed that action, as I film most, equipped with a 16-mm converted Auricon sound camera. The camera was built to mount on a tripod which under these conditions we rarely can use. Instead, we mount it on a shoulder harness and literally carry it. Our standard lens is a 12 to 120 Zoom.

The camera is something you both hate and love. You hate its weight—some 40 pounds, all told. After humping it through the jungle for a day, you swear it weighs a ton. You hate the awkward battery that powers the camera, which you carry on a strap slung over your shoulder. It always seems to get tangled up in jungle undergrowth, or hits you on the side when you jump out of a helicopter during a combat assault. You get annoyed at both the camera and battery when you find yourself up to your chest in the muddy water of a paddy field.

The brace on which we mount the camera is an angled piece of metal—extending horizontally from the right shoulder, then hooking back downward to the stomach to provide steady support. The camera is mounted on the horizontal arm. The extension to the stomach looks like a spear and often, when you have to run or jump into a hole, it acts like a spear.

It's at this time that you wish the man who invented what one of our Vietnamese cameramen calls "this uncivilized camera" were here with you and you could make him carry it through the jungle and the swamps with you. But you also get to love this camera—what you sometimes call 'this piece of junk'—because it's reliable, because it rarely jams, because it guarantees you excellent sound, because it is rugged. You love it because for the first time you can cover a war with a sound camera as a matter of routine. You record not only the sight but also the sound of battle. That is why I pay the price of the extra weight. When you see it on the screen, you begin to believe that it has been worth the effort.

While it's true the equipment stands up well under the circumstances, it doesn't always. Little things can go wrong and ruin your day: a broken cable, a blown fuse, a severed camera belt. And if you fail to bring along the spare part you need, all the assorted risks you have taken become pointless.

During the recent street fighting in Saigon, my soundman and I sat next to a South Vietnamese recoilless rifle crew as they were shooting, and worked on fixing a balky battery. We used some tricks you learn over here to get the battery going again. And while we missed a few shots, we got the story in the end, and that's what counts.

Obviously I am not alone when I film. A soundman is always with me, and he goes where I go. Our soundmen are all Vietnamese, and when I struggle with my heavy gear, and then look over at this slight man struggling literally to keep his head above the paddy-field water, I know I am not the only one with a problem. He is literally tied to me by a cable connecting my sound camera with his sound amplifier and microphone. He takes the same risks that I do.

After all this carrying and sweating I find inevitably distressing that most of the footage is not used. A television story on the Cronkite Evening News averages about three minutes, which comes to about one hundred to one hundred fifty feet of edited motion picture film. In the story of the battle in the streets of Danang, I shot about 40 minutes of film. You want to see all of your film used even though you know realistically that it is impossible.

You always hope that your film gets in the hands of the right producers, particularly when you care about the story. The right producer can make the difference. Not all the stories seem that important. We don't always feel

Gear held high, cameraman advances with 44th Rangers on Viet Cong stronghold.

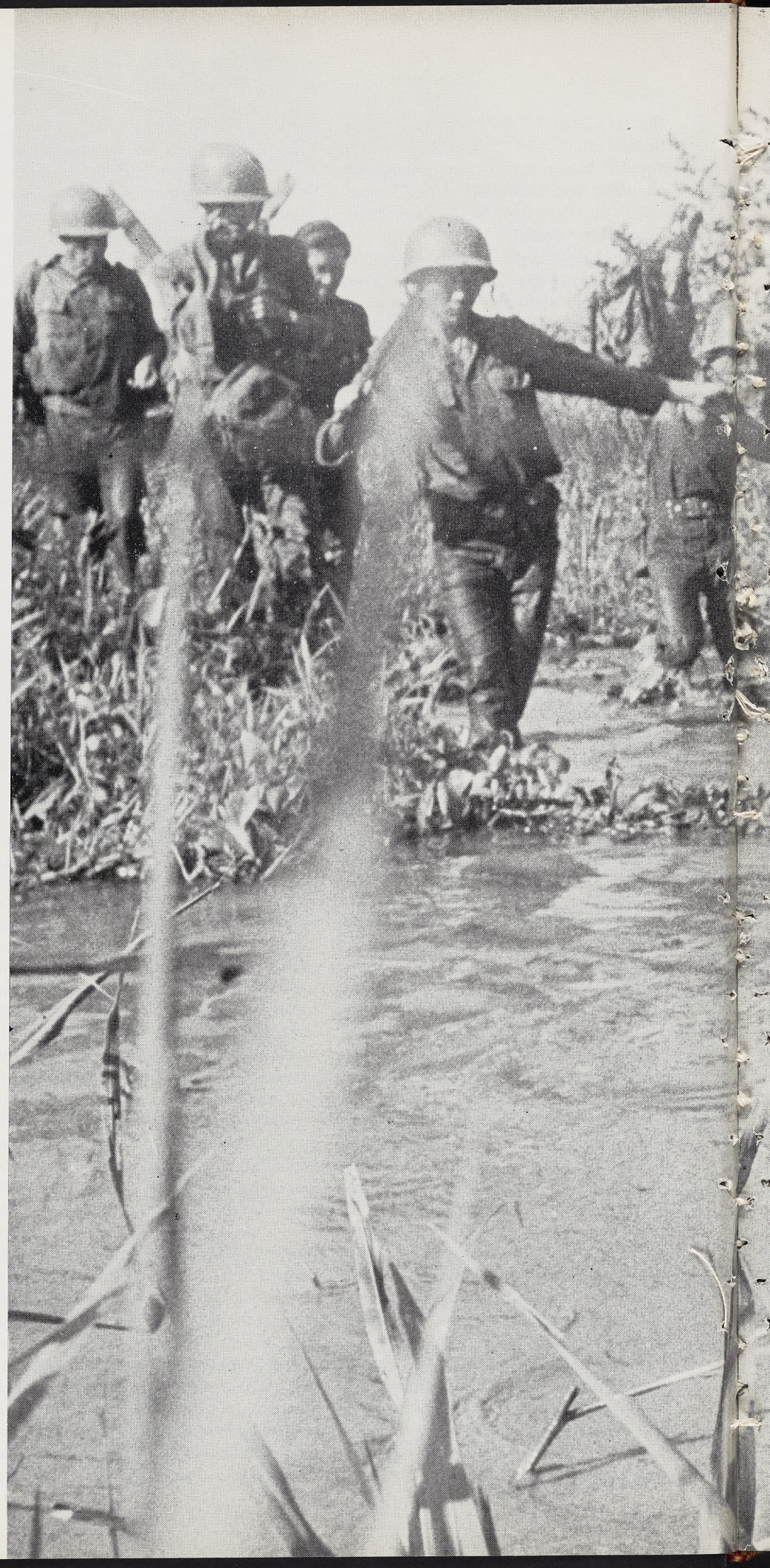
that involved. There are boring routine assignments—jobs I can do without. Every time I have put my camera on a tripod, it means an interview with a Vice-President Ky or an Ambassador Bunker telling you he is still seeing the light at the end of the tunnel, when you damned well know that there is just another equally dark tunnel linked to the first one. You feel like getting up and telling him so.

But you can't. You are a cameraman, and you have to keep that camera in focus, make sure the exposure is right and think about the excuse you'll use if the damned thing jams. And you are always glad, then, to get back into the field, back into reality. To do this job you have to get involved as well as simply being knowledgeable about your camera. There is more challenge than just the technical one.

The best thing that can happen to a cameraman is to work with the right Correspondent. You hope he will let you be part of the story. You hope he is the kind of man you sit down with over a beer and talk about tomorrow's operation. You hope you will see eye-to-eye with him because invariably you are in this together. Only if the message he tries to get across with the film you shoot is also your message, can you really be satisfied.

It isn't all work, sweat and misery. There are other times. You have to get away once in awhile. Normally, we are on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week. But every six weeks, we take a break. A trip out of Vietnam is necessary to get a different set of thoughts on our minds. When that comes, I am ready to forget my camera, forget the war, forget the people I have been working with week after week. But after a few days holiday, I turn restless again. I am ready to come back to rejoin the rat-race. When that plane lands at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport, I find myself hating it more and more, but there is something that draws a man back to this job. It isn't long—perhaps a few days—and the vacation is forgotten and you're back in again.

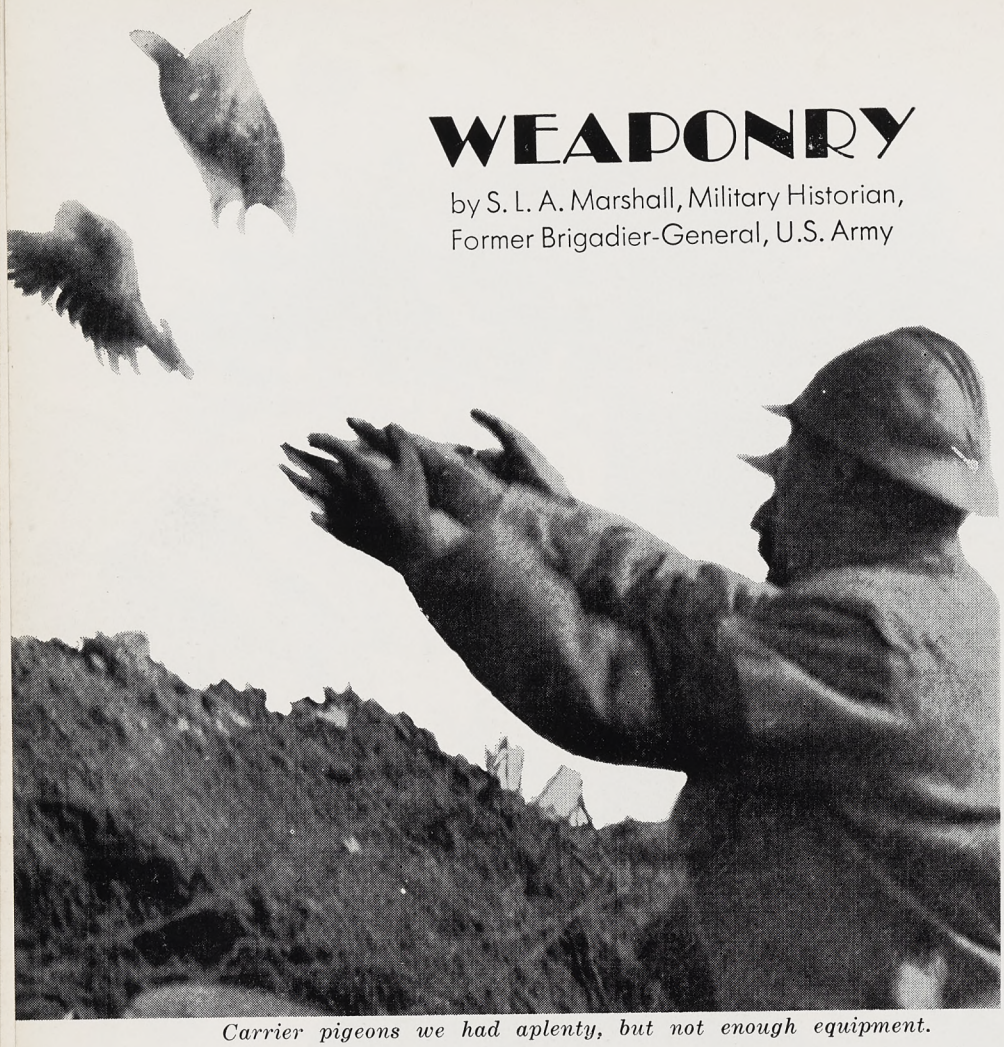
Like almost everyone else here, I will be happy when my time is up. I am glad for the experience, as a man, and as a cameraman; but I would not want to do it again. No one is remembered for a shorter time than a cameraman—about as long as the story flickers on the screen.




Nikon

WEAPONRY

by S. L. A. Marshall, Military Historian,
Former Brigadier-General, U.S. Army



Carrier pigeons we had aplenty, but not enough equipment.

My qualification for writing as an expert on the weapons of a war now fifty years gone is that for all that time I have been an antipacifist rather than a warrior.

After the Guns of August roared and September of 1914 duly followed, with the Kaiser's Armies marching on Paris, I registered as a high school freshman at Centerville, California. That was at dead center of David Starr Jordan country. His was not the most overworked pacifist larynx in the nation: no one then alive could top The Great Commoner. However, W. J. Bryan was too busy with affairs of state to bring the word to our campus. Jordan did so twice, both times ending his speech as he had begun: "If you want peace, prepare for peace; if you want war, prepare for war."

At the time he mystified me. My puzzlement was not less when three years later I found myself a doughboy on the Western Front packing a rifle—a very bad rifle. Jordan's dope had to be wrong.

The country had not prepared. It had merely staged preparedness parades in every town and hamlet. Yet there I was up to my tail in alligators.

We may not have been the worst-armed American army ever fielded; but we were in contention for the honor. The Congress, by legislating that the General Staff should not have more than nineteen officers lest we become militarized, had assured the outcome.

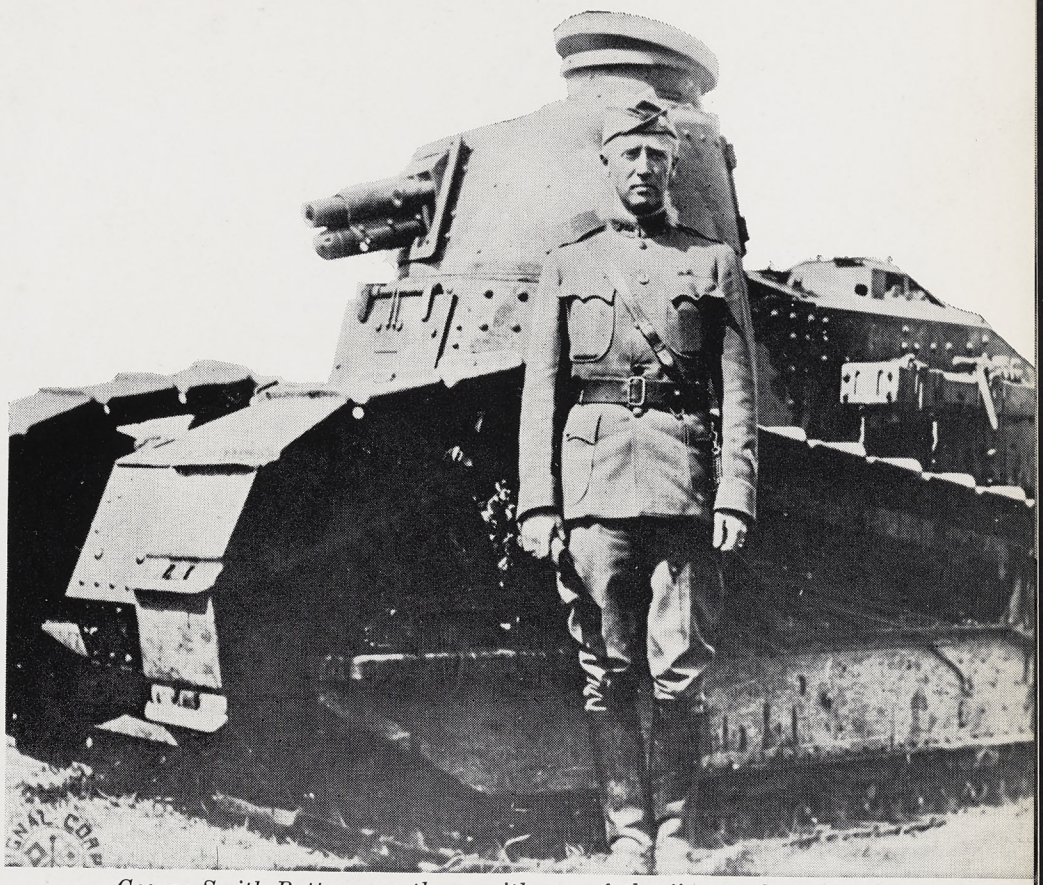
The mobilization effort, begun in confusion, carried through with multiple misses and few hits. Given $640,000,000 for an aviation program, the War Department set forth to build 40,000 aircraft within one year. Yet we finished the war without forwarding one airplane to the battle zone, though by the end the Liberty Engine was a reality.

Two types of tanks were adopted by the Army, a light six and one-half ton and a heavy 35 ton. The Ford Motor Company also set about producing a little monstrosity, a three-ton tank for a two-man crew. About $200,000,000 was appropriated for these programs. All was sheer waste. Of the 4,400 tanks put under contract, only 15 ever reached France, getting there after the Armistice in time for a meaningless testing. The same was true of artillery programs; we planned and paid but we did not produce. We did much better with pigeons. Lofts were raised at 74 training camps. About 15,000 trained carriers were sent to France, leaving 10,000 in the American interior, for the further training of pigeon trainers. It is said officially that "95 percent of the messages carried by American pigeons in combat were delivered," including one that read: "Take it away; I'm tired of carrying the damned bird."

So the A.E.F. went forth, tankers without tanks, gunners without guns, a minority of its riflemen armed with the 1903 Springfield, the luckless majority toting the U.S. Model 1917, mistakenly called the Enfield, an ill-sighted, heavy, clumsy piece, best-suited to be a stick for a U.S.-made bayonet, which in practice went unused. We also carried our own grenade, the F-2, no improvement over the British-made Mills bomb. On sailing, we were given absolutely for free a new tooth brush and a safety razor, as tokens of the favor of a generous government.

The indispensable "75"





George Smith Patton was there, with one of the first tanks

And that about covers the waterfront. But for the arsenals of our Allies, we could not have fought. Our machine gunners were true specialists in those days. They had to be, or they could not have adjusted to the British-made Lewis gun, the unspeakable French-made Chauchat (ironically dubbed the sure-shot), the clumsy Colt or the heavy German-made Maxim. This last we loved to mount on tree stumps for use against low-flying Fokkers that we almost invariably missed. The U.S. was producing Browning lights and heavies. We received the Browning light (BAR) in time for use in sham battles fought after the Armistice. No matter. Its cyclic rate was far too high, and the weapon climbed with such kick that no one could hold it on target.

Peculiar to the trench warfare of that time was the quite practical British-made Stokes mortar and the Livens projector. The latter heaved forth a canister loaded with one gas or another and looked in flight so like a football drop-kicked and tumbling end-over-end that one wanted to reach out and make a fair catch. Men of the A.E.F., unlike civilians who read and quake, were not particularly afraid of gas, except for mustard. Equipment, properly used, could safeguard against phosgene and the other poisons.



One of the best infantry weapons for flattening an enemy charge was the low-silhouette one-pounder of that day, a far more practical piece than the high-silhouette, wheel-mounted 37 millimeter that we produced early in World War II. It had the whizz-bang effect that rattled a rifleman silly. So did the Skoda-made "Austrian 88" when the German artillery turned it against us, which gun was the progenitor of the dual-purpose 88 that caused such shock-surprise when it appeared in North Africa in the second great war.

Air bombardment, even in 1918, was crude and technically immature. An enemy air raid against Toul, Nancy or Langres, for the soldier passing through at the time, roused more fun and excitement than fear. But enemy strafing of our lines from a hundred or so feet overhead was something else again. We had literally nothing to turn against it. Riflemen would shake with rage, and futilely fire their sidearms, or rifles, or even throw rocks. That part of it, from this point in time, seems quaint, if not absurdly funny.

Our artillery brigades had to retrain in France with the justly-famed 75-millimeter, and the other heavier basic guns provided by the French and British. So doing, they split from the infantry regiments and in the usual case deployed to the fighting zone some weeks later. In consequence, when U.S. infantry went into battle, it might be supported by French gunners, or Morrocans, or British, or the batteries from some other U.S. division. But to have our organic artillery behind us almost never happened. To each his own was not written of that war.

To wind this up, I cannot say that it all comes back to me now. My recall is of bits and pieces, a jumble of things and impressions, imperfectly strung together because I have no real wish to remember. Had I ever truly been a weapons man, this flash-back might have been longer and stronger. But as I said in the beginning, I was long ago typed, no warrior but an anti-pacifist, and for good reason.


SKETCHES
SKETCH BOOK
FLOYD DAVIS '44 PARIS



THE BAR

by John J. O'Connell, Editor, This Week

In North Adams, Mass., there used to be a road sign, crediting the place with being "The Mother of the Mohawk Trail." When the town of Adams, Mass., heard about this, it put up a sign reading, "Adams, Mother of North Adams and Grandmother of the Mohawk Trail."

Similarly, the bar of the Overseas Press Club in New York likes to think of itself as the mother bar of foreign correspondents. *Its* mother was the bar of the Hotel Scribe in Paris during World War II. In fact, there are those who hold that the Overseas Press Club would not be the club it is at all, if the Scribe, and its bar, had not sent our correspondents home in a mood to find, or found, another place where they could have as much fun, and perhaps try to remember the Alcoholic States of the United States as listed in *Life* in its issue for January 3, 1918. For the record, here they are: Ginnisota, Whiskyconsin, Cognacticut, Stillinois, Load Island, Barkansas, Tennesspree, Souse Carolina, Souse Dakota, and Wasginton, D. T. Funny? *You* laugh!

Edward R. Murrow used to tell a favorite story to illustrate Winston Churchill's uncanny ability to choose precisely the right word in conversation. On routine business at 10 Downing Street one day during the London blitz, Murrow came upon Churchill unexpectedly in a hallway. "Ah, Mr. Murrow," Churchill exlaimed, "have you time for *several* drinks?"

Murrow of course told this story at the OPC bar, the longest press bar in the world, and the scene of happy, if muddled, hours (5:30 to 6:30) for every foreign correspondent, noteworthy and not so, since the Club's founding in 1939.

Before 1939, and in the interim between World Wars I and II, newspapermen, foreign and domestic, had no such club as the OPC and were stymied somewhat (not much) by the Volstead Act. The favorite hangout was Bleeck's Artists and Writers Club, located by the *Herald-Tribune* building on West 41st Street. There occurred some of the wildest antics ever recorded in the lore of newsmen, spurred on by Prohibition whiskey and needle beer.

A ditty that wafted almost nightly over the flowers of the speakeasy (a florist shop fronted for the place) went,

"Drink is the curse of the *Herald-Tribune*, Sex is the bane of the *Times*."

It was, and is, not often easy for correspondents in the pursuit of their appointed rounds to come upon a drink of good whiskey.

For instance, Joe McCarthy, managing editor of *Yank* during World War II, tells of the time he was being flown from Rome to Paris and paused en route for a look at the Côte d'Azur with a group of GI-correspondents from *Stars and Stripes*. They drove from Nice to Monte Carlo, and strolled into the bar of the Hotel de Paris, where the barman gave them a warm welcome. When he said he had some real old American Bourbon, they couldn't believe their ears after all the bad gin-with sweet vermouth and homemade red vino they had been drinking for so long.

"We'll have a round of it," they said. He poured them each a drink from the bottle, and they asked how much they owed him. He named a price that translated from francs into $3.60 per drink. The group was horrified, of course, but not so greatly that they didn't make the sacrifice and order three more rounds of same.

Then there was one night in London, during the same war, when Bob Considine asked John Steinbeck a simple question. Steinbeck had an extra bottle of Scotch. Would he lend it to Bob overnight? Such a request, Steinbeck muttered, was like an application from a rabbit to serve as security officer over a lettuce patch. Says Considine, "Naturally I was offended and would not attend John's subsequent installation as a Nobel Prize winner."

Booze, like love, is an international language. The first group of American correspondents who walked into Hiroshima to write stories of the atomic-bombed city on September 3, 1945 (four weeks after the event), flew to that part of Japan—without permission or authority—in a B-17 from Atsugi and landed at Kure, about 15 miles from Hiroshima, where there was a Japanese naval base.

The group included the late Clark Lee, Hearst correspondent, Homer Bigart (then of the *Herald-Tribune*), Bill Lawrence (of the *New York Times* and now the ABC White House correspondent), Jim McGlincy of the UP, Bernie Hoffman of *Life*.

At the Kure naval base, Clark Lee—who knew everybody in the Orient—had a warm reunion with the commanding officer, an Admiral named Masao Kanazawa, who had been a friend of his in Shanghai during the Sino-Jap war of the 1930's.

After the group visited Hiroshima, they returned to spend the night at Kure and the Admiral broke out bottles of a Jap whiskey, similar to Bourbon, and very hard to find. Two weeks later in Tokyo, Lee was describing the whiskey to a Japanese army officer in Tokyo, where it seemed to be unobtainable. The soldier's comment sounded like the comment of an American soldier, or any soldier anywhere. "The damn Navy," he said disgustedly, "got all the best whiskey, and the best of everything, in this war."

Liquor and love, however, do not always go hand in hand. To illustrate the point, Ben Wright, president of *This Week* (former president of the Overseas Press Club Foundation), tells this story.

When the battle for Europe stalemated on the Luxembourg/Belgian borders in the winter of 1944, Ernest Hemingway moved up with the advance patrols and established what came to be known as Papa's Command Post in the shadow of the German Front. The Ninth Air Force Press Camp was about nine miles back in the city of Luxembourg at the Cravat Hotel, which was a pretty posh layout complete with steam heat, an excellent kitchen and a well-stocked bar. Correspondents gravitated to the Cravat whenever they could find an excuse to get away from the Front. One such was Martha Gellhorn, then working for *Collier's* and, incidentally, married to Hemingway at the time. Just before Christmas of 1944, Hemingway arrived at the Cravat Hotel and inquired as to where he might find Martha. He was told, whereupon he asked for a drink, and a young captain assigned to the Press Camp handed him a martini in a small, conventional martini glass. Hemingway asked if he

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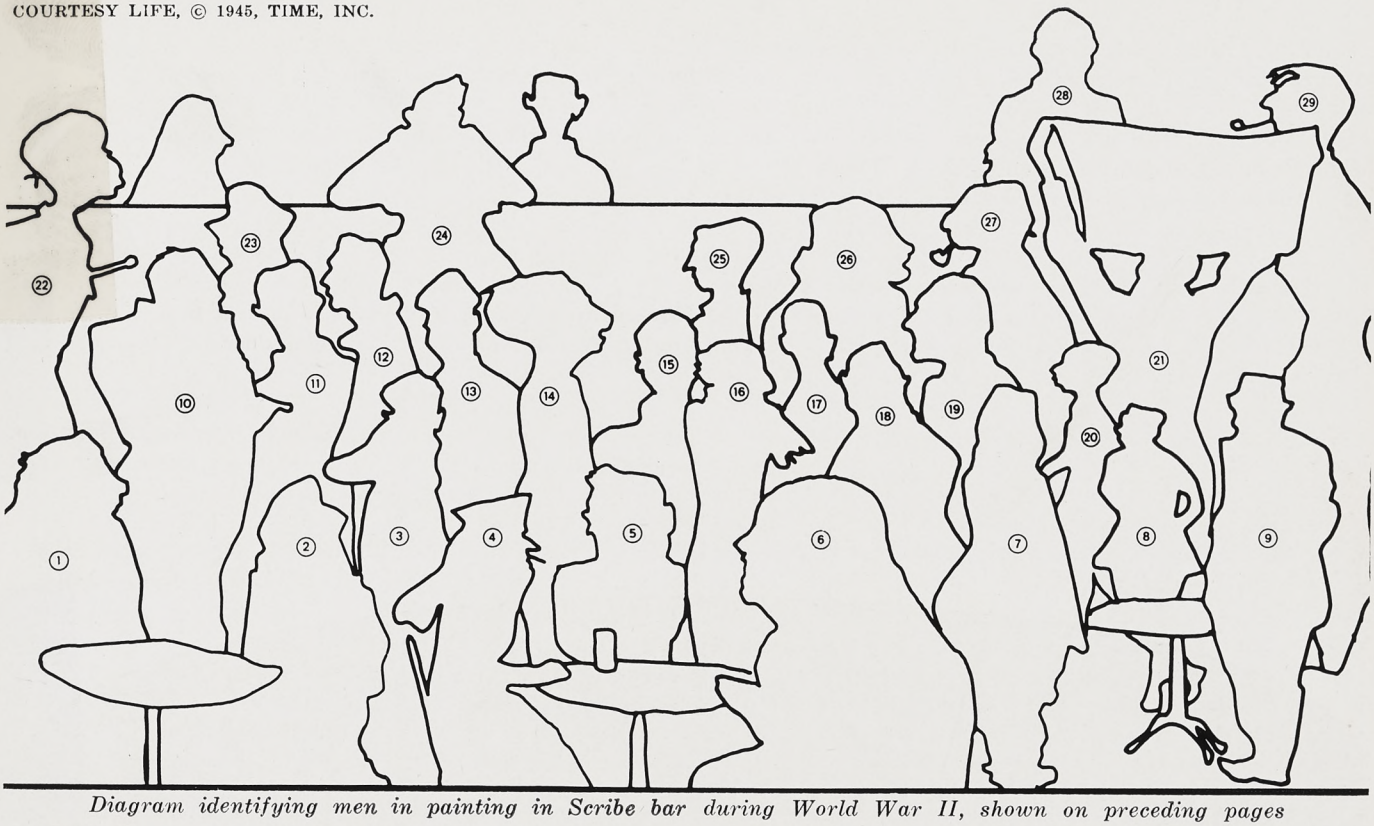


Diagram identifying men in painting in Scribe bar during World War II, shown on preceding pages

1. Floyd Davis
2. Gladys Rockmore Davis
3. Dave Scherman
4. Janet Flanner
5. William L. Shirer
6. Ernest Hemingway
7. A. J. Liebling
8. Merrill Mueller
9. H. V. Kaltenborn
10. Richard de Rochemont
11. Bill Reusswig
12. Ham Green
13. Bob Cromie
14. Hugh Schuck
15. Will Lang
16. Lee Miller
17. Graham Miller
18. Donald MacKenzie
19. Robin Duff
20. Unidentified
21. Ralph Morse
22. Unidentified
23. Unidentified
24. Unidentified
25. Unidentified
26. Charles Wertenbaker
27. Unidentified
28. Robert Capa
29. Noel Busch

did not have a larger glass, and the captain poured him about eight ounces in what we regard as the large iced tea tumbler. After downing it in one continuous gulp, Hemingway went upstairs and returned in a matter of minutes, announcing, "Well, I just divorced Martha."

International News Service scored a beat on the end of the Korean war in June, 1953, because an INS reporter, Jack Casserly, happened to be drinking in Seoul with a Captain Oh, aide to Major General Choi Duk Shin, Korean delegate to the peace talks. After both men had gotten loaded, Captain Oh passed the word to Casserly that the UN and the North Koreans had agreed to peace-armistice talks. When Casserly brought the big news back to Howard Handleman and Robert Elegant, the other two INS men at Seoul, he was so looped that they hesitated at first to put the story on the wire.

Today, in the bitterest, most misunderstood conflict of the century, there is one area that bears no dispute among the correspondents. Drink, in all its forms, is plentiful in Saigon. Although we've had no report since the Viet Cong invasion of that city on the state of the liquor supply, we can assume that this temporary setback will not deplete it by much. But all is not clover. While a recent survey reveals the martini (gin and vodka equally popular, price 90 cents for a big three ounces) maintaining first-place popularity at the OPC bar, followed namely by Scotch (soda and water equally favored, price 85 cents for 1½ ounces—of Scotch, that is), things are quite different in Saigon. But before going to Saigon, let's take a look at the bibulous situation in 1918. First of all, beer was a nickel a glass and all the free lunch you could eat. Rye and bourbon, straight whiskeys, were the two types of drinks most called for. The better known brands included Old Overholt, Old Crow, Golden Wedding, Hunter, Wilson, and Mount Vernon.

A whiskey highball ("Help yourself from the bottle"—no puny measuring cup) cost 15 cents, sometimes as much as 20. Popular cocktails were the Bronx, Manhattan, Jack Rose, Gibson, Clover Club, Bacardi, Orange Blossom, Rob Roy, and Sazerac. Most of them were for strong women and weak men. Of course you also could call for a Dacquiri and a Side Car. If you went in for fancy-schmancy stuff, you could order—hold on to your hats—Bee's Knees, Baby Titty, Angel's Tit, a Widow's Kiss or a Chicken Cocks. I do not intend to omit the Mint Julep, Planter's Punch, Tom Collins, Golden Fizz, Hot Whiskey Toddy, and the Brandy Smash.

All right. Relax. We're going back to the trouble spot, where we said things are different. Milt Kaplan, editor of Hearst Headline Service who has just returned from Saigon, was asked the favorite local drink among newsmen there.

"No contest," he said. "It's kaopectate on the rocks."

Cheers!



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USS United States Steel

O.P.C.'s PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE POLL

by K. S. Giniger, Book Publisher

The February 17th issue of the *Overseas Press Bulletin*, distributed to members of the Overseas Press Club all over the world, included a ballot asking them to indicate their preferences for the Republican and Democratic nominees for the presidency and for the next President of the United States. Some twelve hundred members took this opportunity to make their opinions or wishes known about the coming November election, including those who returned their ballots with comments but without voting.

Publishing these responses more than two months after the ballots were mailed, *Dateline* can offer only analysis, not spot news. Therefore, the headlines of the period and the events which immediately followed it are relevant to any understanding of the results.

While many of the ballots were in the mails, New York sanitation men went on strike, posing Mayor John Lindsay and Governor Nelson Rockefeller in roles that brought to national attention their differing positions on the issues. Then Viet Cong attacks in Vietnamese cities during the *Tet* holidays intensified the debate at home on President Johnson's war policies. And, before the last of the ballots were returned, Governor Romney withdrew from the presidential race. All the ballots tallied were in the mails before the unexpected New Hampshire primary vote for Senator McCarthy, the announced decision of Senator Kennedy to make himself available, and Governor Rockefeller's decision not to run, to say nothing of President Johnson's decision not to run again.

Under these circumstances, Nelson Rockefeller narrowly nosed out President Johnson by thirteen votes to win the OPC presidential preference poll. Richard Nixon trailed far behind, followed closely by Senator McCarthy and, only one vote behind, Senator Kennedy. Governors Charles Percy, Ronald Reagan and George Romney and George Wallace also ran, in that order. Mayor Lindsay, a write-in, garnered more votes than either Wallace or Romney. General James Gavin, another write-in, equaled the Wallace vote. Twenty-eight other names ranging from Senator William Fulbright to William R. Hearst, Jr., found from six to one write-in supporters. Some ten percent of those who voted for party nominees failed to cast a presidential preference ballot.

For the Democratic nomination, a majority favored President Johnson, with Senators McCarthy and Kennedy dividing most of the remaining votes. Wallace ran a poor fourth, followed by two write-ins, Senator Fulbright and Vice President Hubert Humphrey. There were twenty-nine other write-in nominees, including General Gavin.

Governor Rockefeller received overwhelming support for the G.O.P. nomination, leading Nixon by more than four hundred votes, with Percy, Reagan and Romney trailing far behind. Mayor Lindsay, a write-in, received more votes than Romney. General Gavin garnered the next largest group of write-in votes. Among the other twenty-six write-in names was that of Harold Stassen, who received one vote.

A substantial number of ballots carried written comments in addition to, or instead of, votes. The majority of these expressed disappointment or dissatisfaction with all the choices available. A substantial number of write-in votes were cast for "ABJ," an acronym interpreted as "anyone but Johnson." A small minority of members dissaproved of the idea of an OPC poll on this subject, arguing that members of the press and press organizations should not make their opinions public, particularly in an election campaign.

The actual vote follows:

Choice for Democratic candidate

Johnson	556
McCarthy	264
Kennedy	203
Wallace	38
Fulbright	13
Humphrey	11
Others	43

Choice for Republican candidate

Rockefeller	645
Nixon	227
Percy	93
Reagan	39
Lindsay	33
Romney	29
Gavin	11
Others	42

Presidential preference

Rockefeller	274
Johnson	261
Nixon	143
McCarthy	123
Kennedy	122
Percy	24
Reagan	23
Lindsay	15
Romney	12
Wallace	8
Gavin	8
Others	47

One thought to finish with: President Johnson was obviously the first choice for the Democratic nomination of those who hope to be able to vote for a specific Republican, while Governor Rockefeller was the favorite G.O.P. nominee of many who favor the election of a specific Democrat.

A question we didn't ask and possibly should have: *What is your usual political party affiliation, if any?* Without that question, an analyst of these results can only make an informed guess that in November members of the Overseas Press Club will vote for policies and personalities rather than for political parties.

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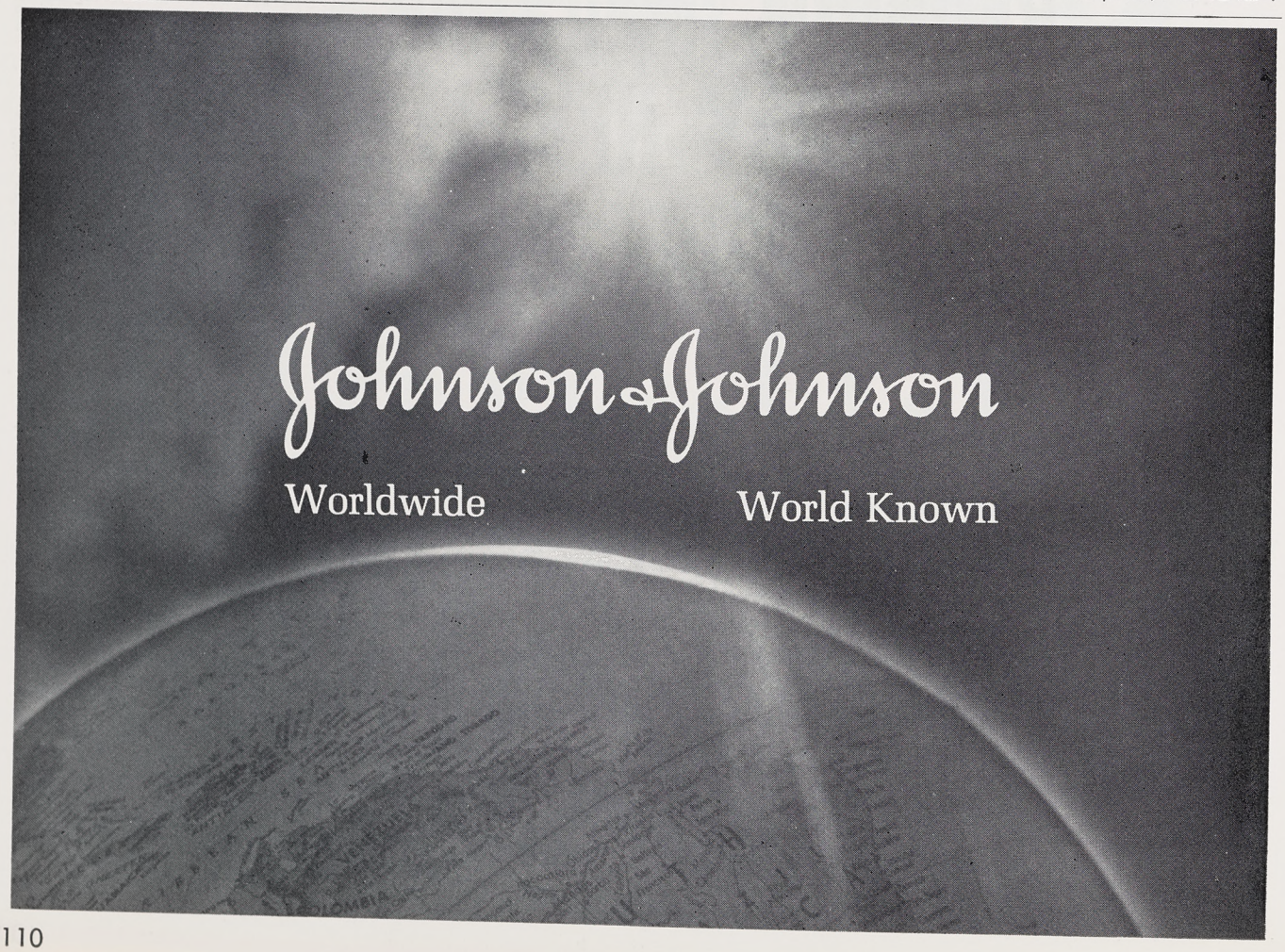
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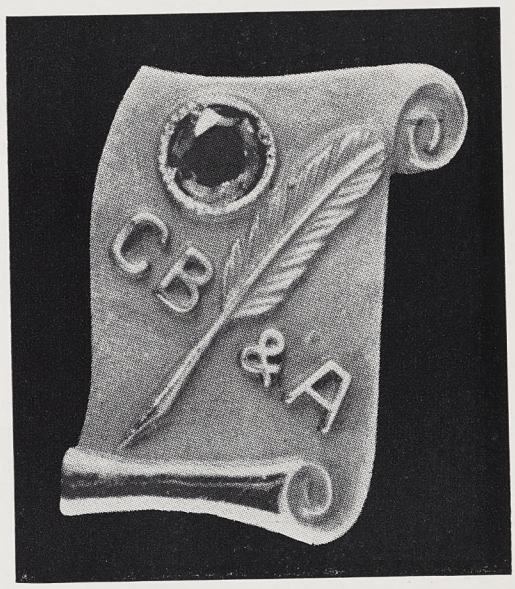
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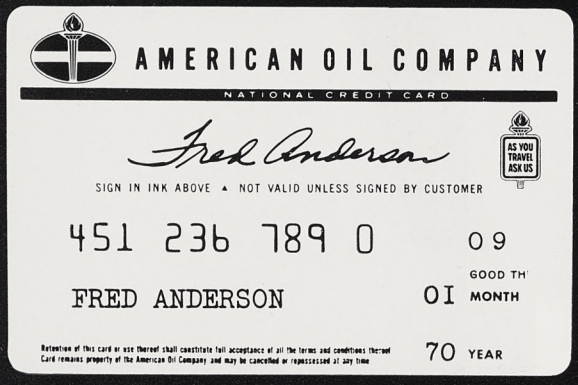
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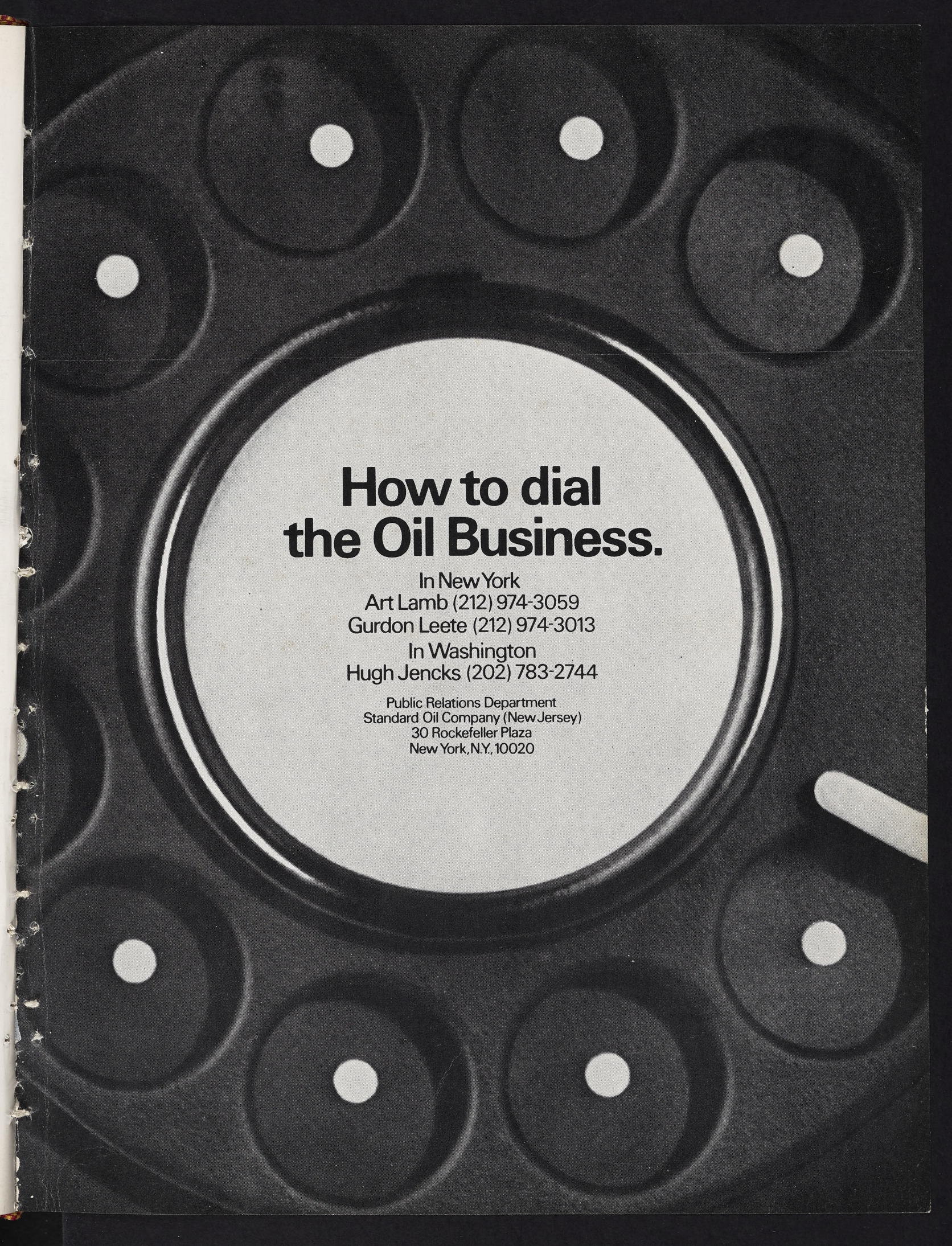
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